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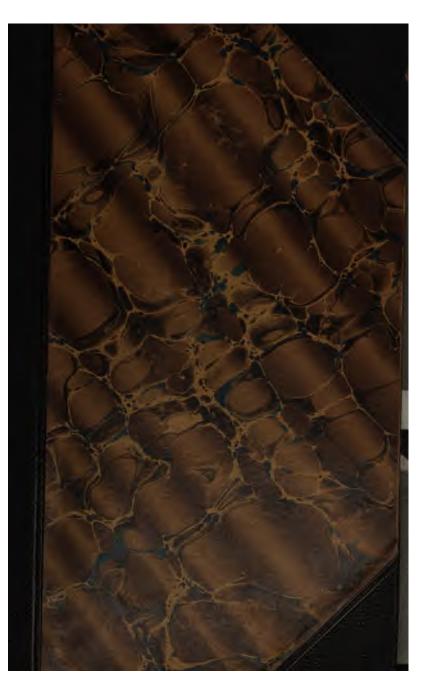
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Hugh green-



f. 29/16









HOPE,

6977

A

POETICAL ESSAY;

WITH

VARIOUS OTHER POEMS;

BY

MISS BALFOUR.

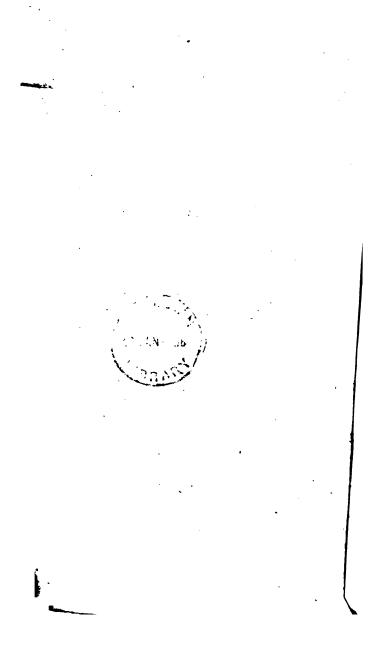
The critic storm that proudly rends
The oaks of learning's hill,
Will pass my shrub that levely bends,
Nor deign its growth to kill.
MISS CHARLOTTE BROOKE.

Belfast:

PRINTED BY SMYTH AND LYONS,

HIGH-STREET.

1810.



PREFACE.

IN presenting the following Poems to the Public, the Author begs leave to return her most grateful thanks to the numerous and respectable Friends who have exerted themselves in her behalf, by whose approbation and support, she has been encouraged to meet the public eye. To the most distant period of her existence, the obligations she owes them shall remain indelibly impressed upon her heart.

The following Poem, HOPE, the first in this collection, was written certainly since the publication of Mr. Campbell's admired Poem, THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, but without any reference

to it, as the reader will perceive. The derivation of Hope, in Mr. Campbell's Poem, is from the mythological story of Pandora's box; nor are any of the instances selected to prove the influence of Hope, in the present attempt, similar to those chosen by Mr. Campbell, except two, the Hope of a Father, and that of the Seaman; and in these, situation alone forms the reaemblance. This explanation, the Author trusts, will vindicate her from the imputation of having endeavoured to avail herself of any of the innumerable beauties which have secured to the Pleasures of Hope such universal, such deserved celebrity.

Newtown-limavaddy, April 1, 1810.

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ERRATA.

Page 2, line 1, for argument, read argument.

- -....66, line 2, stanza 92, for on, read or. Same page, line 3, stanza 91, for read ning's, read reas'nings.
-75, line 2, stanza 129, for scence, read scene.
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- a...148, line 1, for on the superiority of Religious Philosophy, read on the superiority of Religion to Philosophy.

норе,

POETICAL ESSAY.

THE ARGUMEMT.

The Foun opens with a comparison between the appearance of a prospect seen through the light mists of a Spring morning, and the future through the medium of Hope.....Apostrophe to Hope.....Origin of Hope....Disappointments consequent to our unreasonable expectations, not attributable to the fallacy of Hope, but to ourselves..... Worship of Hope at Rome Her influence on Scipio, after the battle of Cannæ.....Mournful condition of one without Hope.....Fatal exclusion of Hope, one of the tortures of the other World Union of Hope and Innocence.....Apostrophe to Innocence.....Influence of Hope upon Youth.....Upon old age.....Upon Sickness.....Upon Mankind in general.....Upon the Author.....Upon the Peasant.....Power of Hope to support its votary, exemplified in Alexander Selkirk..... Hope of the Father Of the Child, exemplified in Epaminondas, and in the Roman Daughter..... Hope of the Lover..... of the Friend..... Of the Warrior.....Of the Patriot.....Influence of Hope on the Poet..... On the Fine Arts, instanced in Pellegrino Tifaldi On Music, instanced in Handel....On Alexander the Great....On Alfred....On Columbus, occasioning the discovery of America....On Philip Strozzi.... On the Gentoo Widow....On the Nun....On the Death-bed On the martyr Concluding Address to Hope.

HOPE.

WHEN Spring's soft touch awakes the infant day,
And eve's last tears still bend the trembling spray;
When clouds of mist from every vale arise,
And half conceal the prospect from our eyes,
Imagination paints the distant scene,
Lightly o'er-steps the bounds that lie between,
Brings in review the charms so faintly shown,
And heightens each with colours all her own.
'Tis thus, O Hope! thy airy visions rise,
In bright array before our mental eyes;

Some future good, some joy yet unpossessed, With expectation fills the throbbing breast; With sky-dipped pencil, e'en as nature warm, Imagination sketches every form; Supplies each want with tints divinely wrought, And paints a scene beyond the reach of thought: Offspring of God! by thy great sire design'd To sooth each care that racks the human mind, From hard necessity to snatch the goad, To lighten pain itself of half its load; For every grief its destined cure to seek, And plant the rose on Sorrow's faded cheek. Thine is the task, through ev'ry maze of wo, To guide the weary wanderer below, And when exhausted all thine efforts fail, And when no more he hears thy flatt'ring tale, Thine is the task to calm his rising fears, And point to richer climes, and brighter spheres. When man against his Maker had rebelled, From Eden by divine behest expell'd,

Say, what remained to raise his drooping mind, Intent on all the charms he left behind? 'Twas Hope, immortal Hope! by Heav'a bestowed, That cheer'd his soul, and smoothed the rugged road; For then the sacred promise first was giv'n, That man should yet regain his native Heav'n. Celestial harps to harmony were strung, Through Heav'n's high dome, triumphantanthems rung. While pitying Angels wondered, and adored; They sung, "that man should be by man restored; Though now condemn'd the paths of death to tread, One yet to come, should bruise the Serpent's head; Destroy his power, annihilate his pride, And Mercy grant what Justice had denied." But, ere the raptured song in Heaven began, Was Hope dispatched to sooth repenting man; Charged on the race for ever to attend, His first, his last, too oft his only friend. 'Twas then descending from the realms of light, In softened glory bursting on his sight,

Her angel charms, the Heaven-directed maid,
In all their native loveliness displayed;
Her melting eyes, from whence a tear would steal,
As if she wept those woes she came to heal;
Her graceful form, her curling tresses fair,
Her robe that floated on the purpled air;
Her bounding step that spurned the ground she trod,
Her anchor firm....the stedfast Word of God;
And still obedient to the task assigned,
She spreads her soft enchantment o'er the mind,
Extracts the barb with which Misfortune pains,
And heals the wound, that not a trace remains.

Oh! say not Hope deceives the human breast
With promised pleasure ne'er to be possess'd,
Nor be her name with impious tongue arraign'd,
For arts unknown, and tales she never feigned;
She with no dazzling views the mind misleads,
With no romantic dreams her vot'ries feeds;
She mocks no confidence, betrays no trust,
Nor gives she more than Reason says is just;

With Passion leagued, 'tis Fancy's pliant frame, That holds her language, and adopts her name, That comes arrayed in robe of changing hue, And sheds around her path unwholesome dew; With dancing step the wily Sorc'ress treads, With artful hand her meshy snares she spreads; Pours a rich potion from her golden bowl, Till the lost senses in confusion roll: Then paints the object most secure to please, And bids us haste, the precious gift to seize; Till Reason's sober touch dissolves the charm. And, like Ithuriel's spear, restores her pristine form. Alike the darling of the clown and sage, The barb'rous period, or the polish'd age, Unknown thy nature, but thy pow'r revered, To thee imperial Rome a temple reared; (1) An altar there with golden vases crown'd,

Whence clouds of incense breathed perfumes around,

Thy statue held, in just proportion wrought,

Of whitest marble e'er from Paros brought;

There statesmen, heroes, crowded every space, To bless thee, idol of the human race! The holy fervour spread through each degree, And men who trod down empires knelt to thee. Immersed in Superstition's darkest night, Reason, at best, but shed a wav'ring light; That God, who all immensity can fill, Unnumber'd worlds obedient to his will, Not yet revealed....what wonder fanes arose To her, who poured a balm on all their woes! Yes....when the world's proud lords were forced to yield To Punic arms, on Cannee's bloody field; When slaves and masters undistinguished lay, And shared alike the carnage of the day; When public wo with private grief was linked, And ev'ry spark of comfort seemed extinct, Roused by thy voice the gallant Scipio came, (2) Convened his soldiers, and pronounced thy name; Through ev'ry heart reviving courage ran. Each hardy vet'ran felt himself a man;

Their gallant leader acted as he spoke,

And Rome! proud Rome! escaped the Punic yoke.

Lives there a wretch, whose sad and joyless hour Disowns, enchanting Hope! thy soothing power? Ah! if he feels no more her gentle glow, Remove him, heaven! for his indeed is wo. 'Tis his to murmur to the midnight air The broken groans of anguish and despair; His eyes around in agony to cast, And dread the future while he weens the past. Ev'n in that region midst whose awful gloom Eternal justice seals the murd'rer's doom; There, where the griping hand, the plotting brain, The heart that panted for dishonest gain, The tongue that ne'er a genuine thought expresst, The proud oppressor of the poor distresst: The base deceiver who for vilest ends, Betrayed the secrets of his trusting friends; The perjured villain, whom no oaths could bind, The hypocrite, who masked his guilty mind;

Perverted genius.....talents misapplied,
The hardy wretch, who ev'n his god denied,
Where all the crimes that mocked at vengeance here,
Receive a sentence final and severe;
Sure 'tis the greatest curse by heav'n bestowed,
That Hope can ne'er approach this dire abode.

Around the couch where childhood finds repose,
Hope, like a guardian Sylph, her sweets bestows;
Twines for those objects of her darling cares,
The roseate wreaths that Innocence prepares;
Whate'er the choice in which our tastes engage,
Domestic peace, the world's unquiet stage;
Whate'er our pleasures, or whate'er our pains,
Hope still the breast of Innocence sustains!
Hail Innocence! primæval friend of man,
Ere vice defaced creation's beauteous plan;
With thee he roved amidst Elysian bow'rs,
And gathered chaplets of immortal flow'rs;
With thee reposed beneath each spreading tree,
And ev'ry smiling dream was full of thee;

Ah! still, though plunged in Mis'ry's darkest shade, Though passion warp us, or though crimes degrade; Though by Ambition's whirling tempest tost, Though for a while to ev'ry virtue lost; Thee, white-robed Innocence, we fondly bless, Still prize that treasure we no more possess. Hence, the sweet smile of infancy we find, Diffuse such fascination o'er the mind: Hence, its caresses nameless charms impart, That find a ready entrance to the heart; Hence, ev'n a word! a look! attention draws, Hence, ev'ry playful frolic gains applause; Hence man, by nature prompted, still reveres That blissful age which innocence endears; Still on its sports his soul delights to dwell, Sole image of that state from whence he fell.

Ah me! what fragrant flowers our paths bestrew,
When life is young, and ev'ry object new;
With what delight the rocky cliffs we tread,
To snatch the sea-weed from its oozy bed;

With what delight the spangled meads bound o'er, With what delight the woodland haunts explore! Say, from what source each simple pleasure flows, Say what on each resistless charms bestows? 'Tis Hope the Cherub! that where'er we stray, Glows, like the rose-bud op'ning on the day; 'Tis Hope that tells of raptures yet to last, Each future moment blissful as the past; 'Tis Hope that mingles with the morning beam, That smiles amidst the ev'ning's parting gleam; Gilds with her own bright tints each fond pursuit, And reaps from every project golden fruit. Yes, Hope! the wrinkled brow of hoary Age May frown on scenes that now no more engage; Armed with experience, and in wisdom strong, Contemn the falsehood of thy Syren song, But sanguine youth, from cynic wisdom free, Robb'd of expected pleasure flies to thee; And proves with all the energy of truth, How weak is wisdom, when opposed to youth;

Yet ev'n to age thy boundless power extends, And with his wintry snows thy sunshine blends. What though no more his frigid breast can prove. The charms of glory, or the sweets of love; What, though no more for him the mantling bowl Expands the heart, or animates the soul; Though riches, rank, and title, cease to shed Their bland allurements round his silver'd head; Still thou before his hollow eve canst bring, In future worlds, a more delightful spring. Seraphic comforter, thy balmy smile, Consumption's languid moments can beguile, Health and its sweets in prospect bright restore, And promise pleasures....it must share no more! In vain does health from ev'ry effort fly, Still dost thou sparkle in the sinking eye, Still on those cheeks a brighter bloom bestow, Where, even now, deceitful roses glow; Still hover round, to catch the parting breath, And strew, with sweetest flowers, the bed of death. Oh blest disease! to man in mercy given,
To steal from earth, the favourite of heav'n,
Thy call, the young, the lovely, and the gay,
The happy, and the innocent obey;
The child of genius, more securely thine,
Keeps too his vigils at thy fatal shrine,
And led by thee to meet an early grave,
Soon yields the envied rank that talents gave.

Angelic Hope! without thy cheering ray,
Say, what were life? a dull and dreary way,
A wild, with mingled thorns and weeds o'ergrown,
And few the roses on our pathway thrown,
Till Hope steps in, and fills the dismal void,
With bliss to come, and sweets yet unenjoyed;
Thy bounteous hand with ready zeal supplies,
Each prospect bright that fades before our eyes;
Prone from our minds each sorrow to dismiss,
And haste from present pain to future bliss.
Ev'n I, who long had scorned thy soft'ning art,
Feel thy sweet influence stealing o'er my heart;

I, who too mean to join the Muse's train,

Snatch but by stealth a taper from their fane;

I, who can call no spot of earth my own,

To wealth, to fame, and all they give, unknown;

Benign Enchantress! feel thy potent spell

Thrill through my veins, and in my bosom swell.

Hope! thou canst breathe on every zephyr's wing
New charms, to heighten all the bloom of spring;
Give fresher verdure to the hawthorn bower,
Impart a richer dye to ev'ry flower;
Paint with a deeper glow, the blush of mora,
And shed a brighter dew-drop on the thorn.
For when, inspired by thee, the village train,
See every valley teem with golden grain;
Each rising ground with ripen'd harvest swell,
And flocks and herds adorn each sloping dell,
Luxuriant sheaves in fond idea bound,
And chearful boards with rural plenty crowned;
See in each op'ning bud the promised fruit,
And future trees, in every bursting shoot,

Whilst thou, responsive to each shepherd's song, Leadst in soft bands the rosy hours along; Thy rapid flight outstrips the lagging sun, To grasp the sickle ere the plough has done.

Benignant pow'r! thou to no clime confin'd, In ev'ry zone canst heal the wounded mind; Or if the present pang admits no cure, At least thy soothings teach us to endure. Where the great South-sea rolls its peaceful waves, And shores by man before untrodden laves; Ev'n there, amidst the lonely sea-girt isle, The wretched Selkirk's bosom felt thy smile; He, with no friend the desert spot to cheer, Traced the slow progress of the tedious year: Beheld the sun the clouds of night dispel, Or sink beneath an ocean's boundless swell. Beheld the brilliant moon resplendent rise, Alternate sov'reign of those azure skies; And as her beams across the waters shot. Wept in wild agony his hapless lot, And wailed enjoyments....ne'er to be forgot:

Four times had Autumn brought her useless hoard,
And four times Winter all her storms had poured;
No help arrives....yet still as Hope inspires,
With constant care he lights the signal fires,
Marks ev'ry motion of the changing gale,
And thinks each rising cloud a distant sail.

Behold the Sire, whose anxious heart directs
His children's welfare, and their youth protects,
For them he labours with unceasing toil,
Fells the proud oak, or digs the rugged soil;
When all his industry can scarce prepare,
The scanty pittance of their daily fare;
How could he bear the world's unfeeling gaze,
But that sweet Hope a brighter scene portrays,
That in those babes who now his cares engage,
He views the props of life's declining age?
And dreams that Heav'n has days of bliss in store
For them, if not for him.....he asks no more.
Nor thus alone, the Father's hours beguiled,
Of anxious thoughts for ev'ry darling child,

18 HOPE.

The child too, hopes to win a Father's praise; And strew with roses his remaining days. As genial sun-shine on Italian hills, The rip'ning grape with finest juices fills; So Hope....thy beams each virtue can improve, And add sublimer force to filial love; So filial love within the gen'rous mind, Produces actions that delight mankind. 'Twas this that filled the Theban hero's breast, (4) When his exulting friends he thus addressed.... "Learn from what source my chief delights arise, "The hope to bless my aged parents' eyes." Not victory itself could turn aside This sacred sentiment, this noble pride. So, when the Romans, rude and unrefin'd. To Famine's arms a matron had consigned, (5) By Hope led on, her daughter entrance gained. And with her milk, a Parent's life sustained; Full soon her guards discerned the pious fraud.... What heart so fierce but must the deed applaud?

And Roman virtue, though uncouth and wild, Forgave the parent to reward the child.

O star of love! whose mild benignant ray Conducts the lover o'er the wat'ry way; On Ocean's bosom, led by thee he braves The mingled fury of the winds and waves; Forsakes his cottage, and his native groves, To gain a fortune worthy-her he loves; Oft as on deck the lonely watch he keeps, While the pale moon-beam on the billow sleeps, O'er past delight the hapless wand'rer weeps; Oft in the sighing of the viewless wind, He hears the voice of her he left behind: Oft, in the glowing tints of Fancy warm, Retentive Mem'ry wakes her angel form, Presents the well-known scenes a while forgot, His verdant fields, his woodbine-scented cot; 'Tis then, O Hope! thy lustre can illume The dark despondence of the gathering gloom; 'Tis thine to soften every pang severe, Repress the sigh, wipe off the starting tear,

With gentle hand to feed the lover's fires,

(For, Hope withdrawn, ev'n love itself expires,)

To paint the scene when toil and danger o'er,

Two faithful lovers meet to part no more,

When feeling.....extacy the soul exhaust,

And every thought is in delirium lost.

Thou too, O spark of Heaven, within the mind,
Strong as the glow of love—but more refin'd,
Celestial Friendship! sentiment divine,
Does not the flame of Hope unite with thine....
Ah yes! they burn in mingled splendour bright,
Each aids the other with its sacred light;
By Hope is cherished Friendship's holy ray;
By Friendship, Hope is shielded from decay.
Oh thou whose praise my anxious bosom warms,
Whose friendship honours, and whose converse charms
Say, what can more our emulation move,
Than the fond hope to please the friend we love?
When from a world, unfeeling and unjust,
We turn aside with languor and disgust;

When all its tinselled pageantry is o'er, When all its blandishments delight no more; Some dear connexion that in rosy chains, Fast binds us to existence, still remains; While Hope's gay smiles our sluggish minds impel, And animate our efforts to excel. How long, O Friendship! has thy balmy pow'r Preserved my life, through many a trying hour? How oft when weary nature sighed for rest, When sunk in sorrow and by grief oppress'd, Thy hand has dried the tear that trembling fell, And calmed my bosom's agitated swell; Thy soothing cares have lulled me to repose, And half effaced the mem'ry of my woes. Yes, let me here with fond affection bend, To thee, my loved, my ever valued friend; With whom the tales of censure or applause, But served to prove thee steady to my cause: The pencil may portray thy lovely form, Thy magic smile, thine eye's resistless charm,

Give to thy features each enchanting grace, And bid the canvass emulate thy face, Here must it stop....be mine the task assigned, To paint the beauties of thy lovelier mind; Thy heart with Honour fraught, thy lips with Tru And Age's wisdom midst the bloom of youth. The casket thus, if exquisitely wrought, May claim a moment's look, a moment's thought; But 'tis the precious gem, within it placed, That stamps its value in the mind of taste. Oh! what is all that fame could e'er pretend, Weighed with the plaudits of a faithful friend; What are the shafts of Scorn at random hurled; Or what the censures of a thoughtless world? Twas thus the heathen sage sublimely thought. Thus with enlightened sense his pupil taught.... "Choose for thy model one of soul refined, "And act as if his eye could pierce thy inmost min Oh flexile Hope, that canst with ease assume Reason's mild lustre, Passion's kindling bloom;

In ev'ry mind a different form display, As suits the judgment cool, or fancy gay; At thy behest, the wreaths of conquest rise Intwined before the Warrior's flashing eyes; As in a mirror held by thee, he sees The future triumphs that his fate decrees; Subjected nations crouch beneath his sword, And prostrate millions own him for their lord; The hostile drum, the trumpet's martial sound, The clang of arms in thy soft voice are drowned, Which promises when War and Discord cease, The hard-earned sweets of harmony and peace. Already can he Victory behold, Her car of ivory enriched with gold; Four milk-white steeds, that nobly-proud disdain. A forced obedience to the curbing rein, The polished chariot draw, and onward bound So light, they scarcely seem to touch the ground: On the bright car of workmanship divine, The palm and laurel formed of em'ralds shine;

The wheels, with gems of vivid lustre blaze,
That shoot at ev'ry motion dazzling rays:
Wrought with such genius, that almost she breathes;
Here, Clemency the sword of vengeance sheathes.
Sweet Pity, by no selfish thought restrained,
Restores the shining spoils by Valour gained;
All-sacred Mercy hears the Captive's prayer,
Benignly hears and bids the Victor spare;
While Glory, whom a robe of flame arrays,
Her silken standard high in air displays,
And as her purple plumes luxuriant wave,
Her chaplet shows, prepared to crown the brave.

Pure as the spark of bright celestial flame,
Which erst to light the lamp of Vesta came,
So pure, so spotless, is th' ethereal guest
That animates the patriotic breast,
As o'er the vase with unremitting toil,
The virgin priestess poured the sacred oil;
With pious zeal preserved the hallowed fire,
Lest, dire mischance! the Heaven-lit torch expire.

Thus emanating from the mind supreme, The Patriot's heart receives the lucid beam. And Hope, the priestess, guards the radiance bright, That o'er his bosom sheds unsullied light, Content by peace alone to merit praise, War's blood-stained laurel no delight can raise, Glory in vain presents her branch and wreath, Nor hides the murd'rous sword that lurks beneath. To him each meaner, selfish wish unknown, His country's weal is dearer than his own; Who only seeks by fair and equal laws, To gain a grateful nation's just applause; Hope, to his view each darling object brings, And o'er his soul her sweetest incense flings. Pleased, he beholds the stately vessel glide O'er the smooth surface of the glassy tide; And Commerce ransack every clime to pour Their various produce on his native shore; Whilst by the hand of Industry at home, From the proud column springs the lofty dome;

High rise the trophied arch, and tap'ring spire, With all that art can form or taste admire; To useful toil behold the peasant trained, The reedy fen of noxious moisture drained; The rocky steep in smiling foliage dressed, The barren heath with rich abundance blessed: Hills clothed with verdure in perspective drawn, And rising forests skirting ev'ry lawn; Where the wild common's thirsty soil extends, Where scarce the moist'ning dew of Heaven descend The limpid stream is gently taught to glide, And even Nature's wants by art supplied. But more, the breast by sympathy to warm, The manners soften, and the mind inform; The seeds of knowledge and of virtue sow, Science extend, and prejudice o'erthrow: Objects like these inspire his active mind, Through life pursued, and but with life resigned. Oft dost thou, Hope, select the myrtle bough, To twine thy chaplets for the Poet's brow;

Aloft in air thou way'st thy magic wand. Friends, Fortune, Glory, wait thy loved command. Fame sounds her trump, his soul is all on fire, With rapid hand he strikes the sacred lyre; This world forgotten, up to Heaven he springs, Through fields of æther borne on Fancy's wings; His Soul unfettered, mounts above the skies, And Heaven itself is open to his eyes. Bereft of thee....his blooming garlands fade, Pensive and sad he quits the laurel shade; His looks no more the glowing thought betray, The hallowed flame of genius dies away; In busy crowds unnoticed and alone, He wakes no more the string's bewitching tone; No more the chords in trembling cadence swell, He sighs....and bids a selfish world farewell. O nurse of Science! nurse of ev'ry art, That softens nature or refines the heart. Thy voice divine the ardent Sculptor hears,

The chisel grasps, the pond'rous mallet rears;

With ceaseless toil the tardy work he plies, Till into life the starting features rise; His skilful hand gives grace before unknown, And pours expression on the breathing stone. Nor less extensive is thy power confest, O'er the bright flame that lights the Painter's breast. His plastic pencil can with ease restore Actions long past, and heroes now no more: Bid animation o'er the canvass glow, The eye to sparkle, or the tear to flow; See, Cæsar's blood again his garments stain, And Brutus sternly lift his sword again; See, where the severed lips prepare to speak, See, expectation flushes every cheek, A burst of eloquence in thunder breaks, And Tully once again the senate shakes. These are thy works, O Hope! thy power apart, Despair sits brooding at the Painter's heart. Thy form concealed from Pellegrino's eye, (6) He dropped his pencil and resolved to die;

Till thy soft hand at length the veil withdrew,
And showed a bright perspective to his view,
And drooping genius in the train of Hope,
Revived beneath the sanction of a Pope.

Celestial Hope! thy presence can inspire Sounds that immortal spirits might admire. When the loud organ gives the lengthened tone, And Hallelujah's reach Jehovah's throne; When strong and clear the swelling voices rise. Or, floating round, the melting cadence dies; 'Tis thou alone the soul to Heaven canst raise In lofty strains of piety and praise. And didst thou not support to music bring, When Handel sought to sooth an angry king? (7) Yes, Hope, sweet Hope! conceived the bold design, Breathed in each tone an harmony divine; And as it trembled o'er the azure wave, The softened monarch listened....and forgave, O sacred Power! in every human breast A certain, though perhaps a secret guest;

To every rank thy presence comfort brings,
Delights the peasant, smoothes the couch of kings;
Ev'n he, the youth, whose small but dauntless band (5)
Plucked Persia's sceptre from her monarch's hand,
With lib'ral heart bestowed the shining spoils
Among the brave companions of his toils;
Reserved no store for perils yet untried,
"Hope still is mine," the Godlike hero cried:
Ev'n when the theme to madness he pursued,
And wept that no more worlds were unsubdued,
Sure 'twas thy absence wrung his aching breast,
Hope smiled no more for him....of all possess'd.

Amid the storms of life by thee upheld,
Great Alfred's genius every cloud dispelled;
Intent his country, sunk in sloth, to raise,
Planned the bright deeds that marked his future days;
Devised those laws that consecrate his name,
And clothe his mem'ry with immortal fame;
In myst'ry shrouded, wand'ring and obscure,
Thou badst him all the ills of life endure.

Twas then a Minstrel's lowly garb he wore,
The camp of fierce invaders to explore,
Thy hand before his eyes a kingdom placed,
Strengthened each nerve, and every sinew braced,
Till soon he blazed with all his native fire,
And England owned her monarch and her sire.

Behold, Columbus quits admiring Spain,

To seek for worlds beyond the Western main;

Led by thy hand o'er prejudice he soared,

And trackless seas, and climes unknown explored;

Sad was the hour, the trade-wind loudly blew,

The varying compass points no longer true,

His crazy bark can scarce the surge resist,

On quick return, his crew with threats insist;

Torn is his heart....Hope points the destined way,

But scarce his prayers procure a short delay;

Three days at length accorded to his sighs,

The third, Bahama charms their longing eyes;

Soon in the bay their slackened sails are furled,

And Hope, to Europe, gave a second world. (9)

From scenes like these, to Florence turn thy way,
Where Strozzi, victim of oppression lay; (10)
'Twas his, inspired by Freedom's purest flame,
From tyrant power his country's rights to claim,
His friends subdued, his cause to Heaven resigned,
Himself a captive, but unchained his mind;
With stern contempt the victor's wrath he braved,
And with his sword his last sad hope engraved,
That some avenger from his blood should start,
Then sheathed the fatal poinard in his heart.

Washed by the Ganges' wave from ev'ry stain,
Her lofty soul unmoved by dread of pain,
By thee conducted, with angelic smile,
The Indian matron mounts the burning pile;
Forsakes a world by wedded love abhorred,
In groves of brighter hue to meet her lord;
She views with mind collected and serene,
The sad attendants on the mournful scene,
While priests around her light the fun'ral pyre,
And Brama's daughter joins her love and sire.

Immortal Hope, the cares of life among, Still mindful of the source from which she sprung, Illuminates the dark sepulchral cave, Smiles at grim Death and points beyond the grave. Lo! for the gloomy solitary cell, The pensive Vestal bids the world farewell, That narrow cell her all of life contains. Of every wreck of bliss the poor remains: The massy walls that round the convent rise. Exclude each future prospect from her eyes; And every earthly joy and comfort fled, She feels already numbered with the dead. Yet Hope, although thy power no more extends To aught that on this fleeting world depends, Thou still canst bid each strong emotion cease, And harmonize each restless thought to peace; Till won by slow degrees her sorrows flow In all the humid luxury of wo; Her care-worn looks a placid smile assume, And Hope for her exists but in the tomb;

Say, that whate'er the cup my fate may fill,
The friends who love me now, will love me still;
Will to each folly mild reproof impart,
And pardon faults that spring not from the heart.
Still, as along the tide of life I sail,
Let thy soft whispers mingle with the gale;
Still, as I shrink before Misfortune's blast,
Say, that each stroke of fate will prove the last;
And, though no treasures with the rich I share,
Oh raise my thoughts to Heaven.....and fix them there,

NOTES ON HOPE.

NOTE (1)

"To thee imperial Rome a temple reared;"

The Romans had a temple dedicated to Hope in the herb-market, at Rome. It was inscribed "Spes Populi Romanorum." The hope of the Roman People.

NOTE (2)

"Roused by thy voice the gallant Scipio came,"

Scipio Africanus, the elder, after the battle of Cannæ, in which the flower of the Roman youth was slain, prevented the few remaining citizens from abandoning Rome, and by his gallantry, and good conduct, retrièved all their losses, although he was then only 18. Hope was the passion he selected to work upon their minds, and animate them to the necessary exertion.

NOTE (3)

"The wretched Selkirk's bosom felt thy smile,"

This note refers from p.16, 1.12....the figure was omitted in the text.

That the shipwreck of Alexander Selkirk, on the Island of Juan Fernandez, about the beginning of the 17th Century, his being four years.

in that dreary solitude, and his adventures there, formed the grouns

NOTE (4)

"Twas this that filled the Theban hero's breast,"

Epaminondas, who, when his friends congratulated him on having gained the battle of Leuctra, said "for my part, what delights me mosts to the hope of pleasing my Father and Mother."

NOTE (5)

"To Famine's arms a matron had consigned,"

During the early ages of the Republic, a temple was erected to fillal plety, at Rome, on the following occasion.....A woman having been condemned for some crime to be starved to death, her daughter obtained access to her, and nourished her with milk from her own breast; the guards perceiving that the woman did not grow thin or weak, watched the daughter, and on observing her procedure, related it to the Consuls, who, transported with admiration, pardoned the mother, and afferwards built the temple to perpetuate the remembrance of the action.

NOTE (6)

"Thy form concealed from Pellegrino's eye,"

Pellegrino Tifaldi, an Italian painter and architect of the 16th Century, who, not being able to support himself by his profession, determined to starve himself to death. For this purpose, he wandered into the Campagna di Roma, where Gregory the 13th, then Pope, soon after accidentally walking, and hearing some person uttering sighs and groans of deep distress, sought out the sufferer, and learning, from his own confession his fatal intention, and the cause of it, after reprimanding him severely for entertaining so wicked a design, took him under his protection. During his pontificate, Pellegrino executed several beautiful paintings, and built some fine palaces, for the different Italian Princes.

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NOTE (7)

"When Handel sought to sooth an angry king?"

Alluding to Handel's having offended king George the 1st. and afterwards having been restored to favour by means of his celebrated composition, "The Water Music," played by a band of music, while his Majesty was in a barge on the Thamses,

NOTE (8)

"Ev'n he, the youth, whose small but dauntless band"
Alexander the Great, having divided among his Soldiers, the riches
which fell into his hands after he had defeated the Persians at the passige of the Granicus, and being asked what he had reserved for bimself,
Alswered, "Hope!"

NOTE (9)

"And Hope, to Europe, gave a second world."

It was solely to the adventurous spirit of Christopher Columbus, supported by the hope of finding a continent beyond the Atlantic Ocean, that the discovery of the New World was owing. About three days before they came within sight of the Bahama, or Lucaya Islands, the crew had mutinied, and insisted that they should return to Spain. He, himself, anxious to proceed on his voyage, yet perplexed by the variation of the compass, then for the first time observed, and retarded by the trade wind, with which he was unacquainted, in a vessel ill calculated to resist the violence of the waves, could only implore a respite of three days, to which with difficulty they consented. In the course of that time, his belief of their being near land (to which he had been led by the appearance of numerous flights of birds, and abundance of sea-weed floating around) was converted into certainty. He was hailed by his men, as the fortunate discoverer of worlds till then unknown, the wonder and admiration of his own, and of every succeeding age.

NOTE (10)

"Where Strozzi, victim of oppression lay:"

Philip Strozzi endeavouring to restore the liberty of Florence, which had been destroyed by the Medici family, was defeated at the battle of Marone by Cosmo di Medicis, and confined in a room, where he soon after put an end to his life, having first written the following line of Virgil, with the point of his poinard on the chimney-piece of the apartment where he was imprisoned.....

"Rise some avenger from our blood!"



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KATHLEEN O'NEIL,

A

POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

The following Poem is founded on an ancient Irish tradition, current among the natives, that one of the ladies of the O'Neil family, had been carried away by the Bean-sigh, or Banshee, that she was in consequence endowed with immortality, and became the superintending spirit of her race. +What rank the Banshee holds in the list of spiritual beings, it is not easy to determine, but her favourite occupation seems to have been that of foretelling the death of the different branches of the families over which she presided, by the most plaintive cries. She appears to have been of a most vindictive nature, revenging every insult, particularly depredations on the white-thorn tree, which was sacred to her, and more immediately under her protection. Many stories to this purpose are related by the lower class in Ireland, and even Christianity has not been able to destroy these superstitious ideas. In the author's own time she has known many respectable people credulous on this point, especially when they wished to derive their descent from the old Milesian race.

KATHLEEN O'NEIL

THE SCENE IS LAID AT SHANES-CASTLE.

ı.

THE Sagsanach came o'er the hill, (1)
Alas! a weary man was he,
For loud the tempest blew, and shrill,
Nor stars, nor moonlight could he see.

11.

But down the rain in torrents dashed,

The pond'rous thunder rattling pealed,

Across the heath blue lightnings flashed,

And all the vault of heaven revealed.

III.

And still he heard the sounds of wo,

As now he wandered through the vale,

Which sometimes murmured sad and low,

Then swelled upon the rising gale.

łV.

Near! and more near it seemed to draw,

As louder rose the whistling blast,

Till by the lightning's glare he saw,

A Female form glide slowly past.

v.

All mute and motionless he stands,

Up, rises ev'ry bristling hair,

While thrice the spirit clapped its hands,

Then melted into viewless air.

VI.

Chill horror froze each stiff'ning limb,
Cold drops upon his temples hung,
He tried to chant the vesper hymn...,
In vain.....it died upon his tongue,

VII.

In vain to quit the spot he strove,

Bound by the magic spell of fear,

And ere he yet had power to move,

A youth rode up in full career.

VIII.

- "What ho!" he cried, "thou stranger, stand;
 "Nor think to save thyself by flight;
- "What brings thee here, upon this land "To wander in the clouds of night?"

IX.

- " No prowling son of night am I,"

 The Sagsanach all mild replied,
- "But on with weary step I hie
 "To reach Mayola's distant side; "

x.

- " And midst the darkness of the night,
 " O'ertaken by the howling storm,
- " Whilst wandering here, there crossed my sight
 - " A youthful Female's lovely form;

XI.

- " Majestic were her steps and slow,
 - " Nor dared I trembling to pursue,
- " Till, with a piercing shriek of wo,
 - " Lo! here, she vanished from my view."

XII.

- " Oh! hadst thou sprung from Erin's race,
 - " And not a nameless stranger been,
- " Our Lady Kathleen I could trace
 - " In the sad spirit thou hast seen:

XIII.

- "But to no stranger's eye profane, (8).
 - " Does she her beauteous form display,
- " And that thou art from o'er the main,
 - "Thine accent, and thy voice betray."

XIV.

- "Oh true," the Sagsanach rejoined,
 - "I come from o'er the dusky wave,
- "But ever have I kept in mind,
 - "That Erin's sons are just and brave:

KATHLEEN O'NEIL

XV.

- "Through me no eye has dropped a tear;
 - Through me no native been oppress'd;
- "For truly does my soul revere
 - The virtues of an Irish breast:"

XyI.

- " And stranger! dost thou truly feel
 - "The worth an Irish breast infolds?
- " Then come with me to great O'Neil,
 - "To-night a festive board he holds:

XVII.

- "Because her country's friend thou art,
 - "Did Lady Kathleen meet thine eye;
- " For grateful is an Irish heart,
 - " Nor death itself dissolves the tie:

XVIII.

- "Yet, much I fear, some deadly wo
 - " Hangs o'er the house of great O'Neil,
- " For never comes she sad and slow,
 - " But some misfortune to reveal:

XIX.

"Well, let her come for joy or grief,
"Whate'er may be our future doom,
"To-night we'll revel with our chief,
"Nor think of Sorrow till it come."

XX.

While still conversing thus, the friends
Together reached the castle-gates;
They open stand, ah! what impends!
No horn is wound.... no porter waits.

XXI.

Afraid, yet blushing at his fears,

The youth advanced with hasty tread;
Oh! what a mournful sight appears,
O'Neil! the brave O'Neil is dead!

XXII.

Extended on a bier he lies,

Which friends and followers surround,

And o'er his corpse in plaintive cries,

They raise the *Caoine's* doleful sound. (4)

XXIII.

His faithful dog, now old and blind,

Beside the couch was seen to stand,

And oft in piteous tones he whined,

And licked his master's lifeless hand.

XXIV.

Cormac.....the youth.....in fixed dismay,
Awhile a solemn silence kept,
Then, sinking on the breathless clay,
In speechless agony he wept;

XXV.

And ample cause had he to shed

The tear of wo o'er great O'Neil,

For long had sacred Gossipred, (5)

Of mutual friendship been the seal.

XXVI.

The next of kin was Owen Roe, 6

In accents mild, yet firm he said,
O cease these useless sounds of wo,
They nought avail the mighty dead:

XXVII.

- "But let the social draught go round,

 "The chieftain's valiant deeds proclaim,
- " And to the harp's melodious sound,
 - " Recount his ancestry and fame;"

XXVIII.

- "And thou from distant regions come,
- "Thou Sagsanach, partake our cheer,
 "Think us thy friends....this hall thy home,
 - "And share an Irish welcome here."

XXIX.

While yet he spoke, with sudden start, Young Cormac from the bier withdrew,

And weeping, sobbing, far apart,

His mantle o'er his face he threw.

xxx.

But now an aged man appeared,
Great changes had he lived to see,
Twas Donald of the snowy beard,
The bard of great O'Neil was he;

XXXI.

He struck the harp, his trembling hand
Wandered awhile the chords among;
Attention held the list'ning band,
While thus the hoary minstrel sung:

XXXII.

- "In splendour bright the sun arose,
 - " His lustre shone from shore to shore,
- "Alas! before the evening's close,
 - "That sun had set....to rise no more....

XXXIII.

- "O great O'Neil! alas how low!
 - " Of many hills the mighty Lord;
- "O never more the yielding foe,
 - "Shall crouch beneath thy conq'ring sword,

XXXIV.

- " Oh great O'Neil how low art thou!
 - " No more amidst thy faithful band,
- "With noble port and dauntless brow,
 - " Shalt thou unfold thy high command.

XXXV.

- "Thou wert like some majestic oak,
 - "The lord of all the forest round,
- " But ruthless winds thy roots have broke,
 - " And strewed thine honours on the ground.

XXXVI.

- " O great O'Neil thy voice no more
 - "Shall echo through the lofty hall:
- " No more thy board with ample store,
 - "Shall wait the hungry stranger's call.

XXXVII.

- "Beside thy sword thy banner hung,
 - " Shall wave with every sullen blast,
- "While warlike chiefs thy walls among.
 - " Shall muse on all thy glories past.

XXXVIII.

- "Yet shall thy faithful minstrel sing
 - "Thee bold in war, in peace so mild,
- "Till with thy praises ev'ry string
 - " Shall tremble o'er the mountains wild.

XXXIX.

- From these old eyes no tear-drops start,
 - "Though weeping eyes all round I see,
- "But grief sits brooding at my heart,
 - "My master !...when I think of thee.

XL.

- " For oft amidst thy early days,
 - "These arms have clasped thee to my breast,
- "In hopes thy hand the stone should raise,
 - " To mark where Donald's bones shall rest.

XLI.

- " Oft too, ere yet thy tongue could speak,
 - " I told thee tales of other years,
- " And while I spoke, thy infant cheek
 - "Was bathed with pity's dewy tears."

XLII.

While Donald thus pursued his strain,
And silent wept the list'ning crowd,
Concealed behind his mantle's train,
The grateful Cormac sobbed aloud.

XLIII.

Then out again spoke Owen Roe,
Of all O'Neil's domains the heir,
"O cease, the Chieftain's praise forego,

XLIV.

"But let thy harp, of tone so sweet,

"The tales of other times unfold,

"And to our wond'ring ears repeat

"The deeds that marked the days of old."

" No heart the moving strain can bear.

XLV.

The bard obedient bowed his head,

A prelude o'er the strings he ran,

Recalled to mind the valiant dead,

A moment paused....and thus began:

XLVI.

"When Bryan laws to Erin gave, (8)

No arm so strong a sword to wield,

No hero in the land so brave

As Phelim of the silver shield.

XLVII.

The Lord of all these lands was he,

And many fair domains beside,

That reaching towards the Western sea,

Still equalled not his boundless pride.

XLVIII.

A silver shield the Chieftain bore

That on Clontarf's triumphant day (9)

He from a Danish giant tore

And brought the shining spoil away.

XLIX.

Though all unused to brook controul,
Yet was he generous, brave and true,
But proud and stubborn was his soul,
And what he said, that would he do,

L

Two sons to deeds of valour trained,
 Had early fallen in martial strife,
 One daughter only now remained,
 The joy and comfort of his life.

LI.

Her skin was white as cygnet's down,
When glist'ning in the early dew,
Her hair was of the palest brown,
Her eyes were of the softest blue;

LII.

And hence by all the heroes famed,
Who sought her as their richest prize,
With one accord the maid was named
Fair Kathleen of the soft blue eyes.

LIII.

And wealth with beauty too combined,

That each should seek her as his bride;

For her's was every herd assigned, (10)

That lowed on Banna's shelving side.

LIV.

But all unmindful of their love,

Amid her native woods she strayed,

And garlands gay, of flowers she wove,

Fresh gathered in the beechen shade:

LV.

Or else with footsteps light pursued,

The bounding Roe o'er hill and plain,
And oft her sire exulting view'd,

The deer her arrow swift had slain.

LVI.

The summer now was drawing on,
And green was ev'ry glen and field,
A stranger youth came all alone
To Phelim of the silver shield.

LVII.

- "I come" he cried, O valiant lord,
 "The wrongs I suffer to unfold,
- "Thou only canstrelief afford,
 - "Thou Hero brave, thou Chiestain bold!

LVIII.

- "O'Caghan is my tribe and name,
 - "From high Bennbradan's woody side, (11)
- "The lands that were my Sires I claim,
 - "Those lands our Chieftain has denied.

LIX.

"And now he has my brother slain,
"Nor lawful Eric will he pay, (12)

"But with his wild licentious train

Our flocks and herds has driven away:

LX.

"O cease" the gen'rous Phelim cries,
"Upon thy wrongs no longer dwell,
"Before the sun shall thrice arise,

"This sword the tyrant shall expel."

. ..

While thus he spoke, he raised his brand,
('Twas here, within this very hall)
When, on the Chieftain's outstretched hand,
Three drops of blood were seen to fall!!!

LXH.

All lost in wonder and amaze,

His followers astonished stood,

The chief alone with stedfast gaze....

The prodigy undaunted viewed.

LXIII.

- "Why seem ye'all," he cried, " to pause?
 "Shall Phelim from his word depart?
- "To fall in suff'ring Virtue's cause,
 "Is worthy of an Irish heart:

LXIV.

- "And light and wav'ring is his mind,
 "O lighter than the flaky snow,
- "Who could in such a trifle find
 "A cause his purpose to forego.

LXV.

- " For me, this youth shall by my means,
 "In all his rightful claims succeed,
- " Or midst Bennbradan's woody scenes,

 " Low at his side shall Phelim bleed.
 - LXVI.
- "Then ere upon these hills appear
 - " The glories of the rising Sun,
- "Be ready each with bow and spear,
 - " Nor on your peril absent one."

LXVII.

And now 'twas just the dawn of morn,

The hills were still with twilight gray,

The valiant Chieftain blew his horn,

And all the well-known sound obey.

LXVIII.

His daughter to his breast he held,

The last farewell he scarce could speak,

The sigh within his bosom swelled,

The tear stood trembling on his cheek.

LXIX.

His train obedient to his word,
In all the pomp of martial pride,
Are ready to attend their Lord
To high Bennbradan's woody side.

LXX.

Himself in saffron mantle dressed,

The vesture of an Irish king,

Bore high, erect, his towering crest,

Where waved the royal eagle's wing. (13)

LXX L

But why should I my tale retard,

The splendour of his dress to tell?

Oh! 'tis because an Irish bard

On ancient glory loves to dwell.

LXXII.

And now his prancing courser waits,

The same in war he long had rode.

For temper mild, for noble gaits,

A better, never man bestrode.

LXXIII.

When lo! an omen new appeared,
In sight of all assembled round,
The gentle courser plunged and reared!
And brought his rider to the ground.

LXXIV.

Around their chief, all eager press,

But fearful, none presume to speak,

Till Evirlin his fosteress (14)

At length the silence dared to break:

LXXV.

- "Behold," she cried, " these falling tears,
 - "That from my aged eye-lids start,
- " Oh! staff of my declining years,
 - "Why wilt thou break this faithful heart?

LXXVI.

- " At once thy purpose lay aside,
 - "See Heaven against it twice declares,
- " Persist not in thy stubborn pride,
 - "But yield thee to thy Nurse's prayers."

LXXVII.

- " And thinkest thou," the chief rejoined,
 - " To shake the purpose of my soul!
- "Then learn, that Phelim's steady mind
 - "Yields not to woman's weak control.

LXXVIII.

- " Besides, already have I sworn,
 - "This once to conquer or to bleed,
- " And none of mortal offspring born,
 - "Shall find me from my word recede."

LXXIX.

Behold them now arrived at last

Bennbradan's lofty woods among,

Swift through the ranks O'Caghan passed,

And towards a thicket lightly sprung;

LXXX.

For there amidst the tangled brake,

Fast knotted to a hawthorn bough,

And close beside a pointed stake,

He saw his fav'rite milk-white cow.

LXXXI.

- "Now foul befall the wretch," he cried,
- "And bitter may his portion be,
 "Who thus my lovely cow has tied,
- "To wreak his mean revenge on me:

LXXXII.

- "This was the gift my father gave,
 - " His fondness towards his son to prove,
- " And now he slumbers in his grave,
 - " She seems the relick of his love."

LXXXIII.

The cow with ozier withs was bound,

Which twisted o'er each spreading horn,

And twined her head and neck around,

Were fastened to the aged thorn.

LXXXIV.

With beating heart and trembling hands,

To loose the knots O'Caghan strove,

But all in vain, the stubborn bands

Too closely wrought, refused to move.

LXXXV.

- "Cut down the branch," rash Phelim said,
 "Why stand we loit'ring here all day?
- "Cut down the branch that holds her head,
 "The foe but gains by our delay."

LXXXVI.

- O'Caghan stopped, and pale with fear, The angry chief, thus answered he:
- "Rash man, to touch the thorn forbear,
 "Tis sacred to the, great Banshee!

LXXXVII.

These thousand years with berries bright,

- " Of gentle hawthorns' tis the chief,
- " And we betide that mortal wight,
 - "That hence shall dare to pluck a leaf."

LXXXVIII.

Him Phelim scornfully surveyed,
While with contemptuous pride he smiled,

- "And whence these baby tales," he said,
 - "O'Caghan! art thou still a child?

LXXXIX.

- " Lo! now before thy face to prove
 - "The idle folly of thy fears,
- " Here in thy sight will I remove
 - "This glory of a thousand years."

XC.

While yet he spoke his sword he drew,
With blood of many warriors stained,
The sword in thousand shivers flew....
The hilt still in his hand remained.

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XCI.

Ere yet O'Caghan dared to speak,

Transfixed with horror at the shock,

"Forbear," he cried, "thy reas'ning's weak,

"Nor let thy tales my judgment mock.

XCII.

"But Hugh my Tanist reach thy glaive, (A)
"Ere I to foe on thorn will yield;
"Bennbradan's shades shall form a grave
"To Phelim of the silver shield."

XCIII.

He struck....a deep and dreadful groan Re-echoed through the forests round, The branches o'er the earth were thrown, The cow fell lifeless to the ground.

XCIV.

A moment Phelim silent stood,

Almost he wished the tree unfelled,

A secret horror chilled his blood,

But pride the half-formed sigh withheld,

XCV.

Then with an effort bold he cried,

- " My friends, revolve our purpose high,
- Remember to Bennbradan's side,
 - "We came to conquer or to die;

XCVI.

- " Until O'Caghan's chief shall fall,
 - " Let no vain thoughts your minds assail,
- " Hereafter in Shanes-Castle hall, (16)
 - "We'll laugh at this day's wondrous tale.

XCVII.

- "Then follow all ye heroes brave,
 - "In victory or death to share,
- "And where my eagle's plume shall wave,
 - "The post of danger will be there."

XCVIII.

Encouraged by their dauntless lord,

Their spirits all revived they feel,

- " Lead on," they cry, with one accord,
 - " St Patrick, for the brave O'Neil."

XCIX.

But now advanced the forest through,
Oppressed with years of care and grief,
An aged man, O'Caghan knew,
The bard of Tirloch Mor his chief. (17)

C.

With meek, yet steady voice, he cried,
"Ye chiefs your hostile purpose cease,

- " And on Bennbradan's wood-clad side,
 - " Partake the mantling cup of Peace.

CI.

- "The lofty soul of Tirloch Mor,
 "To passion's rage too sadly prone,
- " Is prompt its errors to deplore,
 - " Is prompt, those errors to atone;

CII.

- "Thy lands, young man, the chieftain's prey,
 - " In ample right thou shalt regain,
- "And full five Comhals will he pay,(18)
 - " An Eric for thy brother slain.

CIII.

- Thou Phelim of the dauntless brow,
 - " He bids thee share his festive board,
- He bids thee come, and witness now,
 - "This vassal to his rights restored.

CIV.

- Yet think not 'tis the sudden start
 - · Of fear, at this thy warlike throng;
- No, 'tis his brave and noble heart,
 - "That dares to own he has been wrong:

CV.

- " And Virtue sure that mind exalts,
 - "Nor common stamp that Virtue bears,
- "Which thus ingenuous owns its faults,
 - "Which instantly those faults repairs."

CVI.

He ceased, a shout of joy arose,

Which soon through ev'ry rank extends,

That whom they came to meet as foes,

Should change to kind and gen'rous friends,

3

CVII.

What need we tell, how well content,

The young O'Caghan fealty swore,

Or how three days in feasts they spent,

Within the rath of Tirloch Mor. (19)

CVIII.

The fourth, O'Neil, with all his pow'rs,
Forsook Bennbradan's woody side,
And to Shanes-castle's lofty towers,
With renovated speed they hied.

CIX.

Now verging towards the close of day,

The dews of evening gently fell,

The red-breast warbling from the spray,

In music breathed its last farewell.

CX.

In dying tones, the vesper gale
Still sighed the lofty woods among,
And o'er the richly chequered vale,
The last faint sun-beam ling'ring hung.

CXI.

He paused the lovely scene to view,

His bosom swelled with conscious pride,

When down the lake of glassy blue,

A distant bark was seen to glide.

CXII.

A shriek, that rung from shore to shore

Some heart in piercing sorrow gave,

When lo! the bark and all it bore

Sunk slowly midst the closing wave.

CXIII.

With fear (unknown till then) oppressed

The Chieftain reached his castle gate,

Resolved upon his daughter's breast

To lose the dread of future fate.

CXIV.

And now had ceased the red-breast's song.

The crescent moon in splendour bright

Majestic rose the woods among,

And tipped their waving boughs with light,

CXV.

O'er the smooth bosom of the lake,

The softened radiance trembling play'd.....

Had Kathleen sought the hawthorn brake,

Or roved she in the hazle shade?

CXVI.

Or underneath the woodbine bower,

The harp of Erin did she play?

Herself the brightest, fairest flower

That crowned the banks of famed Lough-neagh.

Ah! not amidst the scented brake,

Nor in the bow'r's luxuriant bounds,

Nor on the borders of the lake,

Had Kathleen sought her wonted rounds!!!

But who shall paint the anguish wild,
Her hapless father felt, bereft
Of this his last, his darling child,
The only comfort fate had left!

CXIX.

Three days of fruitless search were o'er,

Three days, consumed in grief and care,

The lovely Kathleen came no more,

And Hope had yielded to Despair.

CXX.

'Twas night....the moon's departing beam,
Still o'er the castle faintly shone,
Each turret caught the dying gleam,
That trembled o'er the massy stone.

Exhausted by his grief and toil,

His sleepless couch the chieftain pressed,

When bending o'er him with a smile,

The lovely Kathleen stood confessed.

CXXII.

CXXI.

White as the Cannach of the heath, (21)

Her robe light floated on the wind,

And on her brows a shamrock wreath,

Amidst her pale brown ringlets twined.

Ì

CXXIII.

He strives the much loved maid to clasp,

Nor means her absence to upbraid,

But oh! her form eludes his grasp....

Tis but an unsubstantial shade!!!

CXXIV.

Ah me! what language can repeat
His mingled horror and surprize!
While thus in accents mild and sweet,
Spoke Kathleen of the soft blue eyes:

CXXV.

- " My father, we but meet to part,
 - " I go before the dawn of morn,
- "Oh! why didst thou with ruthless heart,
 - "Destroy Bennbradan's aged thorn?

CXXVI.

- "Twas at that hour the great Banshee,
 - " Prone to revenge her fav'rite's fall,
- "Thy fault to punish seized on me,
 - " And bore me hence, unseen by all:

CXXVII.

- Then ere thou couldst our steps o'ertake,
 - " Or haply break the magic spell, (23)
- We sunk beneath the silv'ry lake,
 - "To where her shad'wy subjects dwell;

CXXVIII.

- " And now (selected from the throng,
 - "Who court her smiles or dread her frowns)
- " With me she roves those meads among,
 - " Which everlasting verdure crowns:

CXXIX.

- " With me in friendly guise she strays,
 - "Through every bright enchanting scence,
- "And to my ravished eye displays,
 - "The wonders of her boundless reign:

CXXX.

- 4 In bow'rs with glowing roses bound,
 - "We breathe the balmy fragrant air,
- * Joy links with joy in endless round,
 - " Nor grief nor wo can enter there:

CXXXI.

- " Her palace formed of chrystal bright,
 - "On shafts of purest em'rald rests,
- "Whence, one eternal blaze of light,
 - " Diffuses round her happy guests:

CXXXII.

- From harps with wreaths of shamrock twined,
 - " Celestial strains around us swell,
- "While we on tufts of flowers reclined,
 - " Drink honey dew from cups of shell:

CXXXIII.

- " My father! midst these smiling plains,
 - " From pain, disease and sorrow free,
- "One wish alone unblessed remains....
 - "The wish to share that bliss with thee!

CXXXIV.

- " My father! when the lofty wood,
 - " That crowns you height, no more shall wave,
 - "The just, the gen'rous and the good
 - "Shall rise to bliss beyond the grave: . .

KATHLEEN O'NEIL

CXXXV.

- "And when this proud this stately pile,
 - "In mould'ring ruin shall decay,
 - "When more majestic towers shall smile
 - " Along the banks of old Lough-Neagh;

CXXXVI.

- " Around the heroes of O'Neil,
 - " Thy Kathleen shall attendant wait,
- " Each change of fortune shall reveal,
 - " And warn them of approaching fate:

CXXXVII.

- "And till this earth, now fixed secure,
 - " Shall be to distant regions hurled,
- " Thy Erin's fame shall still endure,
 - "Her glory end but with the world:

CXXXVIII.

- " Lo! morning comes! my sire, adieu!...
 - "Hereafter, thou my bliss wilt share!..."
- She waved her hand....and from his view,

She slowly melted into air

CXXXIX.

The minstrel ceased....the morning's dawn
Now gilt Shanes-castle's ancient towers,
With richest purple dyed the lawn,
And tinged the dew-bespangled flowers:

CXL.

Now o'er the bier with lib'ral hand,

His native shamrock leaves they strewed,

While gathered round, his faithful band

With grateful tears his corpse bedewed.

CXLI.

Then, for the last, last time they gazed,
Incumbent o'er the breathless clay,
And with united voice they raised
The melancholy shriek of day, (23)

CXLII.

While swelled the Caoine's mournful strains,

And each a solemn cadence kept,

They bore the chieftain's cold remains

To where his father's ashes slept.

CXLIII.

My native Erin!...on thy smile

Each future hope I fondly rest,

For dearer far thy em'rald isle,

Than lands with Eastern splendour blessed.

CXLIV.

And dearer far thy sea-girt shore,

Thy woody glens, thy hawthorn bowers,

Than happier climes, where all her store,

With rich luxuriance Nature showers.

CXLV.

Oh country of the good and brave,
Birth-place of many a gallant heart,
O'er thee may laurels proudly wave!
From thee may glory ne'er depart!

What, though Misfortune's deep'ning gloom,
Has veiled with clouds my early years,
Though scarce a rose is seen to bloom
For me, amidst this vale of tears!

CXLVII.

Still doomed unnoticed and unknown,

In sad obscurity to pine,

Be fame my Erin, all thy own,

One simple sprig of Shamrock mine!!!



NOTES ON KATHLEEN O'NEIL.

NOTE (1)

"The Sagsanach came o'er the hill,"

Sagtanach, or Sasgunach, means a Saxon or Englishman, from Sagcaan, England.

NOTE (2)

"To reach Mayola's distant side;"

Mayola, a small river in the upper part of the county of Derry, on the banks of which the English had settled a colony.

NOTE (3)

"But to no stranger's eye profane,"

It is an article of popular belief in Ireland, that the Banshee does not usually appear to an Englishman, or one of English extraction.

NOTE (4)

"They raise the Caoiné's doleful sound."

Caloneadh, pronounced Caine, is the well-known lamentation of the Irish over a deceased friend. It does not consist, as is commonly supposed by those who have never heard it, in a shrick or yell; on the contrary, it is a kind of dirge, extremely simple. The genuine Caloneadh contains only six notes, but so plaintive, that it is difficult on hearing it, to refrain from tears. It is sung by women in two distinct bands, each catching the last note of the strain, as it is dropped by the other, and thus in a kind of fugue, the lamentation is prolonged for hours. The Irish are by many termed barbarous for preserving this relic of ancient customs; yet the Greeks and Romans, who both employed hired weepers, were polite nations.

NOTE (5)

" For long had sacred Gossipred,"

Gossipred. This custom of standing sponsor for another in baptism was the great band of Irish connexion and association, and still holds a high place in the estimation of the lower Irish. It was sometimes made the pledge of reconciliation between contending chieftains; sometimes that of union, when the encroachments of some powerful neighbour were to be resisted, or the spoils of a weak one to be divided; and turbulent as were the manners of the ancient Irish, this tie, hallowed by religion, and sanctioned by custom, was hardly ever broken through; with many other practises of Irish origin, it was adopted by the English settlers, and had often a good effect in softening the hatred which subsisted between the invaders and invaded.

NOTE (6)

"The next of kin was Owen Roe,"

Owen Roe, or more properly Eoghan ruadh, Owen the red. The Irish still continue to make use of appellations to distinguish persons of the same

Earnity, and bearing the same christian names, from each other. These are always descriptive of some personal quality, such as "the white," "the black," "the tall," &c.—In some instances bodily defects are expressed, such as "the lame."

NOTE (7)

"Recount his ancestry and fame;"

This custom is still preserved in many Catholic families, by means of persons called rhymers, who relate whatever they have heard, or can invent with respect to the heroic actions of the deceased or his ancestors. I need hardly mention, that to drink whilst the body remains unburied, and this even to the most pernicious excess, is, unfortunately for the industry, the wealth and the morals of the Irish peasantry, too essential a piece of respect to the family, ever to be omitted,

NOTE (8)

"When Bryan laws to Erin gave,"

Brian Boru, or Boroimhe, the celebrated Irish monorch, who defeated the Danes at Clontarf, in 1014.

NOTE (9)

"That on Clontarf's triumphant day,"

The battle of Clontarf, where the principal Danes were killed on the spot, and the remainder forced to take shelter in their ships.

NOTE (10)

"For her's was every herd assigned,"

Ireland was formerly celebrated for its milk white cows. This was

the only species of property her father could confer upon her, as by the Brehon law, the chieftainry, which included all landed possessions, was elective, only restricted to the members of the family. Sometimes, when there were many individuals, nearly equal in power, to contend for this honour, each seized upon whatever he could obtain, and the person at last elected had little but the shadow of property left; power he had none, unless what his own warlike abilities procured. In case of the total extinction of any family, their territorial possessions reverted, as under the feudal institution, to the monarch.

NOTE (11)

"From high Bennbradan's woody side,"

Bennbradan, or Bennbradach, is a steep mountain above Dungiven, in the county of Derry. The neighbourhood of this mountain was former—ly inhabited by the Sept of O'Cathan, now called O'Kane, who depended on the chieftain of O'Neil, as their liege lord. There is now no vestige of wood upon it, though I have been informed that it, as well as the neighbouring mountains, were formerly covered with trees.

NOTE (12)

"Nor lawful Eric will he pay,"

The ancient Irish had no capital punishments; even murder was atoned for by eric or fine, which was accurately determined by the Brehon law, and proportioned to the rank of the sufferer, or to the degree of relationship in which he stood to the person claiming it.

NOTE (13)

"Where waved the royal eagle's wing."

The wing of an eagle, worn in the helmet, was one of the distinguishing marks of Irish royalty. It was not confined to the chief alone, but worn by all the branches of the royal family.

KATHLEEN O'NEIL.

NOTE (14)

" Till Evirlin his fosteress"

The fosteress or nurse, was a very honourable personage among the old frish. Sometimes females of high rank performed this office to the children of each other, and this was an indissoluble tie, not only between inclviduals, but whole tribes.

NOTE (15)

"But Hugh my Tanist reach thy glaive,"

The Tanist was the successor elected by the tribe during the life of the chieftain, which was often done to prevent the mischiefs of a disputed succession.

NOTE (16)

" Hereafter in Shanes-Castle hall,"

Shanescastle, or Edindusscarrick, the romantic and beautiful residence of Earl O'Neil, on the banks of Lough-Neagh. It has for many centuries been possessed by one of the septs of O'Neil, descendants of that family from whom spring the six branches out of which, on the demise of the great O'Nial, for the time being, a new one was elected.

NOTE (17)

"The bard of Tirloch Mor his chief."

Mor, signifies great or large.

NOTE (18)

"And full five Comhals will he pay,"

A Comhal was three cows, and fifteen cows was the fine for the murder of a brother.

NOTE (19)

"Within the rath of Tirloch Mor."

Rath, a fort or royal residence.

NOTE (20)

"That crowned the banks of famed Lough-neagh."

Lough-neagh; one of the largest lakes in Europe, situated in the counties of Antrim, Armagh, Dowa, Derry and Tyrone. There are many beautiful pebbles found on its shores, and its waters are celebrated for the quality of petrifying wood.

NOTE (21)

"White as the Cannach of the heath,"

Canna, Ceannach, a kind of grass common in the heathy morasses of Ireland, the stalk resembles a reed, and bears a flower like a tuft of cotton, and equally white....Eriophorum Augustifolium.

NOTE (22)

" Or haply break the magic spell,"

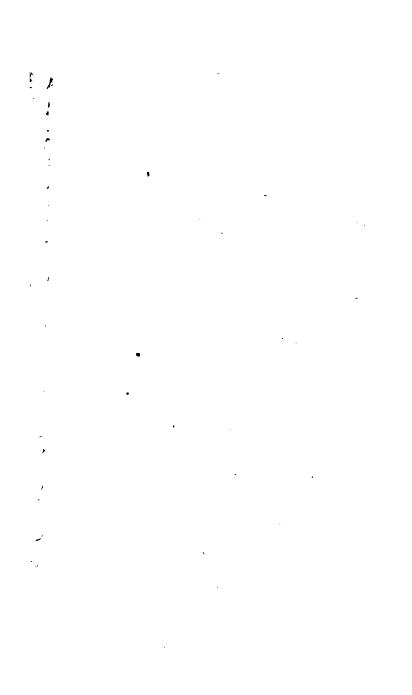
Superstition says, that if a stone &c. can be thrown so as to reach the person whom the Banshee is about to carry off, the enchantment will be instantly dissolved, and the person recovered from her.

NOTE (23)

" The melancholy shriek of day."

At the dawn of day, a shrick is raised by the persons watching the corpse, the same is repeated on its being interred, and on the assembly leaving the burial ground.

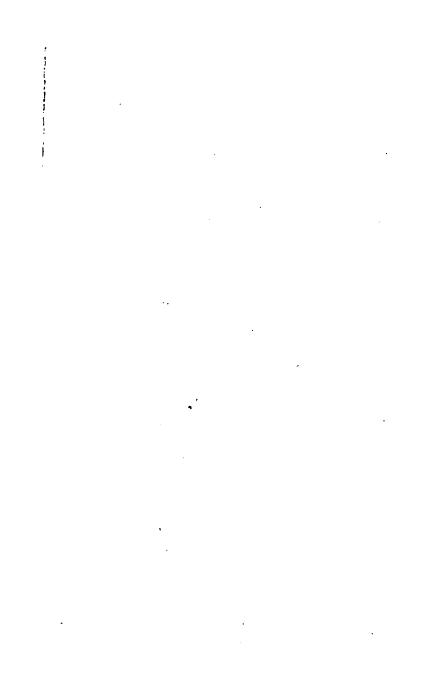




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ı.

- "OH say where art thou to be found,
 - "Whom all mankind alike pursue,
- " In dissipation's madd'ning round,
 - " Or midst the proud exalted few;
- 4 Say dost thou with the courtier dwell,
- " Or in the hermit's lonely cell?

11.

- " Residest thon, as Poets say,
 - " Midst woods and lawns and purling rills;
- " Dost thou with nymphs and shepherds stray,
 - "O'er flow'ry meads and sloping hills;
- "With wreaths of olive art thou crowned,
- " Or are thy brows with laurels bound?

III.

- "Dost thou, with love-sick swains and maids,
 - "Repose on banks of scented flowers,
- " Or seek with them the cooling shades
 - " Of jessamine and myrtle bowers;
- " With rosy fingers to prepare
- " A wreath to bind their flowing hair?

ıv.

- " Or dost thou meet the Poct's gaze,
 - " And as he lightly moves along
- " In Fancy's gay, bewildered maze,
 - " Dost thou attend each raptured song;
- " Or dost thou while he wakes the lyre,
- " Each chord of extacy inspire?

v.

- "Presid'st thou o'er the sparkling bowl;
 - "With ivy are thy vot'ries crown'd;
- " Dost thou expand each joyous soul,
 - " While circulates the glass around;
- " Dost thou the midnight revel guide,
- " And share the goblet's purple tide?

VI.

- " Or dost thou, midst the awful gloom
 - " Of monast'ries with holy maids,
- " E'er hover round the living tomb,
 - " To gild a cloister's pensive shades?
- "To whatsoe'er thou dost incline,
- "Oh let that state, sweet nymph, be mine!

VII.

- " For sure the peevish cynic feigns,
 - "Who calls thee unsubstantial form,
- " That only in idea reigns,
 - "While youth and health the bosom warm."
- 'Twas Happiness I thus addressed,

And scarce th' intruding tear suppressed.

VIII.

Harmonious as the Syren's song, In soothing accents she replied;

- "To none exclusive I belong,
 - "To none exclusive am denied,
- " But if my dwelling you would find,
- " Oh seek a calm, contented mind!

IX.

- "Tis not with Dissipation's sons,
 - " Nor in the mansions of the proud;
- "Their thoughtless joy my presence shuns,
 - " I mingle not amidst the crowd:
- " In courts my form is seldom seen,
- " It flies to bless the mind serene.

X.

- " I dwell not with the gay and great,
 - " I wait not on the Victor's car.
- " For kings may crouch beneath his feet,
 - "While Happiness is distant far;
- " Delighting in the olive bough,
- " I weave no garlands for his brow.

XI.

- " Near some clear fount or myrtle grove,
 - "With lovers when I deign to stray,
- " If e'er suspicion, foe to love,
 - " Appears, I vanish far away;
- " Nor visit I the hermitage,
- " If virtue dwell not with the sage.

XII.

- " Arcadia was my lov'd retreat,
 - " I tuned each pipe, I bound each crook;
- "But ah! I left the blissful seat,
 - "When innocence their breast forsook;
- " For never were my gifts bestowed,
- " If vice approached the sweet abode.

XIII.

- "To me the Bards address their lays,
 - "To me they pour the raptured strain,
 - " Ev'n while a faded form betrays
 - " The victim of disease and pain;
 - " Or while pale Envy baleful breathes,
 - " To wither all their blooming wreaths.

XIV.

- "Gay Bacchus' sons o'er bowls of wine,
 - " Pretend they are of me possess'd,
- "That I, beneath the spreading vine,
 - " Alone inspire each joyous breast;
- " But diff'rent far the madd'ning power,
 - "That crowns wild riot's festive hour.

Xv.

- " If then, thou wouldst my presence seek,
 - "Be thine a heart correct and pure,
- " Be thine to dry affliction's cheek,
 - " And comfort, if thou canst not cure;
- "Be thine the sacred bliss to know,
- " Religion only can bestow.

XVI.

- "When age that chilling damp shall pour,
 - "That mildews all the buds of spring,
- "Then Mem'ry from her treasured store,
 "The days of former years shall bring;
- "And ev'n amidst thy closing scene,
- " Thine evening sun shall beam serene."

ODE

I.

O'ER all this earthly globe contained,
When Heaven the human race ordained,
Sole monarchs to preside,
She gave them reason to control
The turbid passions of the soul,
With Virtue for their guide.

II.

Not such the Virtue that we find
Inspire the rigid Stoic's mind,
Inflexibly severe;
But such as erst in heaven began,
That o'er the faults of erring man,
Drops Pity's balmy tear.

III.

Abstracted from her sacred guide,
In Reason vainly we confide
To point the pathless way;
Bewildered midst the shades of night,
Her rays of pale and trembling light
But lead us more astray.

IV.

In sad Affliction's trying hour,

How vain is Reason's boasted power

To chear the drooping heart;

How vain, when grief the bosom fills,

And every vein with anguish thrills,

A balsam to impart!

v.

How vain the wisdom of the sage,
How vain the philosophic page,
To calm the ruffled mind!
Should he on whom we most depend,
Our second self, our dearest friend,
Become at length unkind!

VL.

Yet let Misfortune aim her dart,
To wound us in that tend'rest part,
That part where most we feel;
The conscious pride of acting right,
Arrests her arrows' rapid flight,
And blunts her pointed steel!

VII

When midnight tempests rock the deep,
And rend the mountain's frightful steep,
Or shake the trembling pole;
Not all the madly-raging surge,
Not all the terrors Fear can urge,
Will awe the virtuous soul.

VIJI.

And o'er this heaven-suspended vale,
Should deepest shades of darkness fall,
And thunderbolts be hurled;
The child of Virtue on her aid
Will rest secure and undismayed
Amidst a sinking world.

ıx.

Though spurned by wealth, contemned
By pain, disease and sorrow tried,
Remote from ev'ry friend;
Still virtue can the scene adorn,
And with the Winter's rugged thorn,
The Spring's sweet flow'rets blend.

X

Offspring of heaven, to man assigned
To elevate his feeble mind
Above all mean desires;
For thee, the martyr clasps his chain,
For thee, despises threats and pain,
For thee, in flames expires.

XI.

Thou only source of bliss below,

Still be my breast, in joy or woe,

Preserved by thee serene;

Do thou, oh Virtue, point the way,

Thy mandate fearless I'll obey,

Though Death should close the scene.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN A WILD, BUT BEAUTIFUL GLEN,
IN THE COUNTY OF DERRY.

1.

AMIDST these pensile rocks, this lonely dell,
Where Solitude maintains her silent reign,
Might holy hermit rear his humble cell,
And bless the beauties of the sylvan scene.

II.

No vine-clad hills in majesty aspire,

No sounding cataract in thunder roars;

Here, native oaks protect the warbling choir,

And one poor streamlet bathes its pebbly shores.

III.

No myrtles here demand unceasing care,

No stately poplars midst these wilds ascend,

But fragrant woodbine scents the morning air,

And drooping roses o'er the streamlet bend.

IV.

Yet though to shade each grass-clad, rustic seat,
No cultured shrubs are proudly seen to rise,
Here Nature smiles magnificently great,
And Art with all her ornaments outvies.

v.

And here, perhaps, in long forgotten days,

Some rev'rend Druid chose his calm abode,

Here, he pronounced in dark and mystic phrase

The fancied inspirations of his God.

VI.

When blushing morning lights the eastern sky,

And dew-drops sparkle o'er the verdant glade,

Hither, with haste the bands of fairies fly

To revel underneath the hawthorn shade.

VII:

And when the sun withdraws his fervid beam,

And the pale moon bestows her trembling ray,

Won by the coolness of the bubbling stream,

On this sweet spot the elves and elfins play.

VIII.

At midnight here they dance their mazy round,
At midnight here prepare their potent spells,
Or strew with violets the hallowed ground,
Amidst these hanging rocks and lonely dells.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUTCHESS

OF

MAZARINE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ST. EVREMOND.

MY tears, my silence, prove my deep distress,
For silence best such anguish can express;
In solitude or o'er the social bowl,
The brightest objects but distress my soul;
The sun's sweet beams to me no beauties show,
And sleep denies a short recess from wo.

TO A LADY,

WITH SLIPS OF LILY OF THE VALLEY.

ı.

SINCE Time commenced his varied round,
And Spring with blossoms hung the bower,
Was e'er a strong resemblance found
Between a lady and a flower?

II.

Yes, the sweet lily of the vale,

Whose modest head half shrinks from view,

Whose fragrant breath perfumes the gale,

In sweetness, Beauty, seems like you.

III.

Then shield it from each gath'ring storm,

Be all your cares around it thrown,

Protect that elegance of form,

That seems to emulate your own.

ıv.

And when it blooms in future days,

May she who gives remembered be,

And whilst its lovely flowers you praise,

Bestow a passing thought on me.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN BY MOON-LIGHT.

ı.

THE San descending through the Western skies,
Gilds with his parting ray the dark-brown hill,
And see the Moon in cloudless splendour rise,
Her beams reflected by the sparkling rill,

H.

This hour for contemplation let me seize,

Delightful hour! the Poet's fav'rite theme,

When evening zephyrs rustle through the trees,

Responsive to the marmurs of the stream.

III.

Another year swift verges to its end,

Just emblem of mankind's resistless lot,

I too, before the hand of Time must bend,

And midst a crowd of mortals be forgot.

ıv.

For now gay Health no longer chears each scene,

No more she leads the festive hours along,

Consuming Fever runs through every vein,

And sick'ning Fancy shuns the laughing throng.

v.

Oh life! thou paradox, thou great compound

Of Vice and Virtue, Happiness and Woe,

How vast the ills with which thy scenes abound,

How few the real joys thou canst bestow!

. VI.

Who that e'er viewed thee with impartial eye,
Would make thy varied scene his fixed abode;
Yet who obeyed, without a parting sigh,
The awful mandate of a gracious God.

VII.

How gladly will I seek that land of peace,

That sacred refuge for the heart oppressed,

Where lo! the wicked must from troubling cease,

And where the weary sufferer sinks to rest.

VIII.

No waving plumes shall grace my humble hearse,

No blazoned arms shall decorate my bier,

No Bard record my name in lofty verse,

And few the friends to drop for me a tear.

IX.

No weeping Seraphs placed around my tomb,

Shall mark the lonely spot that holds my dust,

No mingled spices breathe a rich perfume,

Nor bays, nor laurel-wreaths intwine my bust,

X.

Yet though my praise shall swell no Poet's breast,
Nor sculptor's hand immortalize my form,
Secure beneath the grassy turf I'll rest,
Nor feel again the wild destructive storm.

XI,

Oh sheltering port! where float the wrocks of time,
In thee the mighty with the humble blend;
Sad is the heart that in life's early prime,
With thee seeks refuge as a faithful friend.

A SAYING

of the old duke of ormond's,

VERSIFIED.

ſ.

LIKE an old clock, impaired by time,

Neglected and forlorn I stand,

The chearful bells no longer chime,

And motionless remains each hand.

II.

The springs and wheels with rust o'ergrown,
How faithful once, now matters not,
How just each stroke, how clear each tone,
How regular....are all forgot.

III.

Yet though old age destroys my power,

Though dumb, forlorn, I bear each slight,
Unvarying still, I point the hour,

And once a day, at least, am right.

TO PEACE,

ON THE SHORT CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES, 1801.

ı.

HAIL sacred nymph! in whose fair train Content and smiling Plenty dwell, Once more beneath thy golden reign Shall every heart with transport swell.

11.

Once more the snow-white flocks shall feed
Securely down the sloping vale,
Once more the dew-bespangled mead
Shall hear the shepherd's love-lorn tale:

III.

Once more the doric pipe shall sound,

Melodious o'er the fertile glade;

While Fauns and Sylvans dance around,

Beneath the oak's majestic shade:

IV.

Once more, on every fir-crowned hill,

To thee shall rustic altars rise,

Thy name in every breast shall thrill,

While shouts of pleasure rend the skies.

٧.

Sweet Peace! thy magic wand again
Shall science, commerce, arts restore,
Break the sad captive's galling chain,
And waft him to his native shore.

VI.

Again, while o'er each nodding grove
The Moon her silver lustre sheds,
Shall happy swains and maidens rove
O'er grassy tufts and cowslip beds.

VII.

Again shall every swelling sail,

Light gliding o'er the azure sea,

Returning, catch the springing gale

Fraught with rich gifts, sweet Peace, for thee.

VIII.

And see, thy wished return to greet,
Rich Autumn all her treasure pours,
Pomona, Ceres, Bacchus meet
To crown thee with their lavish stores;

IX.

And ye, immortal shades, (1) whose dust

Now moulders on some distant spot,

While Mem'ry to her charge is just,

Ah! think not ye shall be forgot,

x.

Still, as the circling years return,

For you the village maids shall bring,

And weeping twine around your urn,

The fairest wreaths that grace the Spring.

XI.

For you the mimic pencil's art

Shall on the speaking canvas glow,

Awake each feeling of the heart,

And urge the swelling tear to flow.

XII.

Long shall your grateful country's tongue,
With Wolfe and Howe enwreath each name,
And long the tuneful lyre be strung
In loud applause to sound your fame.

NOTE (1)

[&]quot;The brave officers and soldiers who fell in the different engagements."

ODE.

THOUGH the sweet lot should ne'er be mine
To rest beneath the curling vine,
Nor mine, arrayed in silken vest,
To waste the treasures of the west....
Say, shall I spurn what heaven supplies,
To pine for blessings it denies?
What, though the violet's simple blue
Boast not the rose's splendid hue;
What, though luxuriant bowers inclose
The balmy treasures of the rose;
While in some hedge's humble shade,
The bending violet is laid,

118 ODE.

And trod beneath unhallowed feet....
Is not the violet therefore sweet?
Then let me through life's transient day,
Collect the vi'lets on my way,
And if no rose my breast adorn,
At least I shall escape its thorn:

ODE TO SPRING.

ı.

ENCHANTING Season!...haste sweet Spring
Thy tardy steps, and with thee bring
New verdure to the lawn;
At thy approach let Winter fly,
Let us, beneath a milder sky,
Invoke the blushing dawn.

II.

Won by thy smiles all tempests cease,
The stormy winds are hushed to peace,
And zephyr gently blows;
The streamlet's swelling waves subside,
And down the vale its limpid tide,
In softer murmurs flows,

III.

Lo in thy train the primrose pale,

The hawthorn scenting ev'ry gale,

The cowslip's golden hue;

Urged by thy touch, each bursting flower

Expands, to hail thy genial power

And drink the pearly dew.

IV.

To welcome in the new-born year,

In quick succession these appear;

The lilac's clust'ring bloom,

The modest snow-drops humble form,

The lily shrinking from the storm,

All pour their rich perfume.

V.

See, where in many a twisted maze,
The clasping wood-bine fondly strays
Each budding hedge along;
Ah, promise fair of future sweets,
That midst the Summer's fervid heats,
Will glad the fainting throng.

VI.

Where waving poplars form a shade,
O'er banks of turf in green arrayed,
I'll woo thee, balmy Spring;
Or where the wild-bee to explore
The secret hoards of honeyed store,
Flits on his filmy wing.

VII.

For me, ten thousand rival dyes,

Nursed by thy fostering hand will rise

My fav'rite bower around:

Dear precious objects of my care,

The lovely hues ye seem to share,

In Eden's shades once found.

VIII.

Yet, ingrates! ye as gay will bloom,
When in the silent moss-clad tomb,
The planter sinks to rest;
Your swelling germs as soon will blow,
Your varying tints as bright will glow,
To grace another's breast.

ıx.

Oh vainly then the morning bright
Shall, with soft beams of rosy light,
Announce the op'ning day:
Alas its beams shall ne'er unfold
Those eyes that must no more behold
The glories they display.

x.

But though as countless ages roll,

Oblivion should enwrap the soul,

In Winter's dismal shade,

Still the sweet Spring at length shall come

Whose smiles shall o'er the dreary tomb

Shed life, that ne'er will fade.

HINT FROM STERNE.

WERE I on some deserted coast, By unrelenting fortune tossed, Where rocks the voyager repel, And even brutes refused to dwell: Though banished far from all mankind, Some darling object still I'd find; To some sweet myrtle I'd impart The fondness that inspires my heart; Or seek amidst the dreary scene, A cypress of funereal green; I'd kindly greet them for protection, And on them place my whole affection; To court their shades I'd oft repair, And swear no trees were e'er so fair; My songs their beauties should proclaim, And on their barks I'd carve my name;

194 HINT FROM STERME.

When howling winds despoil each bough,
Deep sadness should o'erspread my brow,
Their melancholy state I'd mourn,
Thus drooping, leafless and forlorn:
But soon as Spring's soft animation
Revived the powers of vegetation,
With smiles of pleasure I'd behold
New beauties by degrees unfold;
Delighted, watch each op'ning leaf,
To sooth my woes, to heal my grief.

SONNETS.

WRITTEN AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

SONNET I.

TO SLEEP.

THOU who canst give the lab'ring bosom rest,

Why dost thou, kind restoring Sleep, deny

To calm the sorrows of my throbbing breast,

To seal with leaden wand my wearied eye?

O nymph! propitious, hear my ardent vow,

Thy balmy juices o'er my temples shed,

With wreaths of poppy bind my ruffied brow,

And round my couch thy sweet enchantments spread.

Ah give me ev'n a short recess from pain,

In gentle slumbers let my eye-lids close,

Bring with thee pleasing dreams, thy fav'rite train,

And lull my senses into soft repose:

Thus let me from thy soothing power obtain.

A sweet forgetfulness of all my woes.

SONNET II.

ADDRESSED DURING ILLNESS

TO A FRIEND.

IF from the regions of eternal day,

Departed Spirits e'er again return,

How sweet the task, around thy steps to stray,

And bid the lamp of Virtue brighter burn?

How sweet the task, if trembling from thine eye

Its pearly form the tear of sorrow shows,

With but a wish, thy moistened cheek to dry,

As zephyrs brush the dew-drop from the rose.

How sweet the task, whilst thou to earth confined,

If e'er one thought to human frailty tend,

To chase the bold intruder from thy mind,

With all the fond affection of a friend.

If such the charge departed souls assume,

How welcome Death! how blessed the lowly tomb!

SONNET.

TO MUSIC.

GENIUS of Harmony, celestial power!

Thou who each anxious moment canst beguile,
Thou who canst heighten every social hour,
And soften features that disdain to smile.

Enchanting science! fraught with every charm
Bestowed on man each passion to controul,
Alike the fiercest anger to disarm,
Or rouse to godlike acts the hero's soul.

My heart responsive to the melting strain,
Feels all the woes thy dying tones express,
With rapture mingles sadly-pleasing pain,
That weeps amidst thy accents of distress.

Around, each chord of sorrow trembling floats,
My bosom vibrates to the hallowed notes.

SONNET.

TO DEATH.

WHY dost thou seem, oh Death! with threat'ning mien,

O'er my sunk head thine ebon dart to wave;
In vain thy presence mingles with each scene,
I fear thee not, stern monarch of the grave!
The child of Fortune, nursed in Pleasure's arms,
With all the wreaths, her power could gather, crown'd,
May dread the stroke that must destroy her charms,
And dash the cup of rapture to the ground.
But he, whom dark misfortune's rugged breath,
Has doomed amidst unnumbered ills to weep,
Sees without pain the friendly hand of Death
Prepare to seal his eyes in balmy sleep:
Yes, Virtue's pupil dares thy fury brave,
He fears thee not....stern monarch of the grave.



SONNET.

YE friends, whom absence renders still more dear,
No more with fond delight each wish I seize,
Your distant voices now no more I hear,
Nor catch your footsteps rustling in the breeze.
Yet still indulgent Mem'ry to my mind
Presents ye, dressed in all your wonted charms;
In vain I try the fleeting shades to bind,
Or snatch the dear resemblance to my arms.
Blessed forms! by Fancy's power on air impressed,
Oh dearer far than spoils from India torn,
Oft may your presence sooth my aching breast,
As o'er these heath-clad wilds I rove forlorn;
Oh rather round my haunts for ever dwell,
As sainted spirits guard the hermit's cell!

SONNET.

TO HOPE.

FALLACIOUS Hope! that, like the wild-fire's glare,
Misleadst the wand'rer mid the twilight gloom,
Thy meteor blaze has melted into air,
Thy glowing tints for me no longer bloom.
For ah! thy hand a magic wreath had twined,
By nature cherished, by illusion dressed,
Thy half-seen colours pleased my youthful mind,
And Fancy's roseate pencil sketched the rest.
Fallacious Hope, not long thy charms could last,
Till disappointment's cup dissolved the spell.
And taught to judge the future by the past,
To Hope my heart for ever bade farewell.
Yet still, superior to my fate's controul,
I drained the bitter draught, then spurned to earth
the bowl.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE,

UNDER A DRAWING OF CUPID PLAYING ON A LYRE,

AND HOLDING A BUNCH OF GRAPES.

PERHAPS a bosom may be found,
That ne'er was touched by dulcet sound,
That wine had ne'er the power to warm,
Nor love, resistless love, to charm:
But who will not his heart resign,
Assailed by music....love....and wine!

TO A LADY,

WITH A SILK PURSE.

WHEN under Asia's burning sun My slender filaments were spun, That fate which watches o'er the birth Of things in air, and things on earth.... Me, in a turban wrought designed, A loved Sultana's brow to bind. "Ah let me not adorn," I cried, "The victim of tyrannic pride, " Nor add a lustre to those charms, "That bless a lawless despot's arms: " Me rather let some British fair. "A purse of curious texture wear; "Her captive, I would bless my chain...." My ardent wish I soon obtain, From Asia's sultry clime I flew, And Fate decreed the gift to you.

TO THE EARL OF BRISTOL.

LATE BISHOP OF DERRY.

As when the Sun amidst the blaze of day,
Casts on a lonely flower one bright'ning ray,
The vital juices soon begin to flow,
The flower expands with richer tints to glow;
So we long pining in misfortune's gloom,
Raised by your cheering smile begin to bloom,
On us at length the beams of fortune shine,
Behold them, Bristol! for the work is thine.

Nor we alone engross your fost'ring care,
Superior objects that attention share;
See paintings, famed Italian artists beast,
And sculpture's noblest forms adorn our coast!
Where barren hills alone appeared in view,
Or where the purple heath unheeded grew,
The traveller now with pleasure and surprize.
Sees spacious domes and stately spires arise,

136 TO THE EARL OF BRISTOL.

In spots with furze and brambles once o'ergrown, Marks all the wonders of the breathing stone: And where he once saw desert wilds extend, With smiles beholds the beech and fir ascend. When future writers shall record this age. Thy name will shed new lustre o'er the page: Yet not in camp or council doomed to shine, A milder and a nobler praise is thine; Tis thine the sons of penury to seek, Soft comfort to the drooping heart to speak: Tis thine to share the wealth that heaven has len And round thy hall spread plenty and content. These are the wreaths that shall adorn thy brow. Far brighter than the laurel's proudest bough. These are the wreaths that flourish undecayed, When Heroes share the ruin they have made.

The preceding lines were addressed some years ago to a nobleman, si dead, on his presentation of the author's father to a church living. I hand of death has removed the object of his Lordship's patronage, the benefits conferred have ceased to exist: still shall the recollect that they rendered the last years of a parent's life comfortable, be hidear. This tribute to the memory of a benefactor, cannot be liato the imputation of flattery, since it can no longer reach the ear of his bonour of whom it is designed.

TO A FRIEND,

WITH A CARNATION, ON THE 1ST OF NOVEMBER.

THOUGH winter's ravages we trace,
Behold a sprig thy breast to grace,
Fragrant as when each lovely scene,
Confessed the Summer's smiling reign:
Exempt from Nature's stern decree,
It blooms unhurt....and blooms for thee.
Thus, when thy Summer's glowing prime
Shall fade beneath the hand of time;
O may I still have power to strew
Flow'rs ever fragrant, ever new,
And spite of dreary Age's frown,
Thy brow with blooming wreaths to crown.

TO THE SAME,

on the author's birth-day, 24th January.

WHAT, though no bard his genius to display,
Shall hail in lofty strains my natal day,
What though no crouds shall at my gate appear,
To bless with flatt'ring tongues the coming year;
More precious far than these, this day shall be,
To Friendship consecrated! and to thee.

O thou! whose skilful hand with matchless art,

Canst strike the chord that vibrates o'er my heart,

Thou friend by reason, and by sense approved;

Of all who bear that name the best beloved;

Teach me like thee, with judgment to reflect, To guard each virtue and each fault correct; Thine own example ever held in view, Teach me to merit praise, but not pursue; And, oh ! if ever in the trying hour, Thy friend should yield to Passion's lawless power. Do thou assume a guardian-angel's form, Restore my senses, and repel the storm; Or if, through life, Misfortune's stern controul E'er shake the native firmness of my soul; If Meanness should to honest Pride succeed, Riches corrupt, or Vanity mislead; Then let thy counsel, steady, not severe, Check every folly in its mad career, Divest each object of its borrowed charms, And lead thy pupil back to Virtue's arms.

THE HOLLY AND LILAC.

A FABLE.

A LILAC, hung with clusters gay,
In all the brilliant pride of May,
With mingled scorn and wrath espied
An humble Holly by her side:

- "Mean wretch," she cried, "dost thou presume
- "To emulate my dazzling bloom,
- "Thou, whose unvaried dismal green,
- "Adds no new lustre to the scene;
- " From whom the sun's most ardent power,
- "Could ne'er extract a single flower;

THE HOLLY AND LILAC.

- " Canst thou with me in aught compare,
- "With me! whose fragrance scents the air,
- "With me, to whom each summer brings
- "The gorgeous livery of kings."
- "Insulting beauty," cried the Holly,
- "Long have I listened to thy folly;
- "What, though thy boughs with blossoms crowned,
- "In wild luxuriance spread around;
- "What, though the lovely tints they show,
- " Might rival Morning's infant glow;
- " Yet shall they languish and decay,
- " As the short Summer flits away,
- " And thou to Winter's howling storm,
- " Present a naked, leafless form:
- "Whilst I, uninjured by his reign,
- " My glossy verdure shall retain,
- "The same in winter's chilling snow,
- " As in the summer's genial glow."

ON THE DEATH OF A THRUSH,

BELONGING TO A PRIEND.

SWEET bird! no more the smiling spring,
Shall wake to joy thy tuneful strain,
And May her varied wreaths shall bring,
Alas! for thee shall bring in vain.
Ah! not the morning's crimson glow,
To thee shall life and song restore,
The tide of life has ceased to flow,
And thy loved song will charm no more.
Sweet bird! no consort's voice shall wail,
Thy hapless fate in plaintive lays,
Yet not unsung the mournful tale,
Thy mistress' sorrow speaks thy praise.

And every heart will breathe a sigh, And every tongue will silence keep, Whilst thou shalt all unconscious lie, Absorbed in death's eternal sleep. The rose-bud bent with early dew, Shall in the scented zephyr wave, Or but expand its leaves to strew The blushing tribute o'er thy grave; And oft, as o'er you winding stream, The shad'wy tints of eve shall fade, The sun's last smile will faintly gleam To gild the spot where thou art laid; And oft shall wond'ring shepherds tell, Of voices sweet that melt in air, That chaunt thy dirge in choral swell, Or shriek in accents of despair. Tis then, by mortal eyes unseen, The fairies mid the twilight gloom, Shall quit their revels on the green, To circle round thy grassy tomb.

144 ON THE DEATH OF A THRUSH.

Let birds of India's distant clime,

Enwrapped in spices, shun decay,

And mock the power of wrinkled Time,

Secured from his imperial sway.

No balms shall load thy simple bier,

A richer meed thy stars decree;

For ah, sweet bird! thy mistress tear—

That precious tear—now drops for three.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD GIVEN ME SLIPS OF LAUREL, TWO YEARS BEFORE.

THE tempest shook the woodland bower. And strewed around each op'ning flower, Her leaves the golden cowslip shed, Still lower bent the snow-drop's head; Each shrub with blossoms gay, resigned Its balmy treasures to the wind; But my loved laurels rooted fast, Alone withstood the dreadful blast. Oh thou! to whose kind gift I owe Whatever pleasure these bestow, Still may they brave the wintry wind, Just emblems of thy steady mind; Still may their forms my fancy cheer, Firm as thy love and truth sincere. Yet, not because the laurel bough Entwines the Warrior's dark'ning brow;

Nor yet, because its leaves bespread The raptured Poet's favoured head: 'Tis not, that by Apollo taught, Its aid the Pythian Priestess sought, And from its buds a bev'rage drew, Which drank the future rose to view, Till all beneath the Delphic fane, Prophetic visions filled her brain; To mild pursuits and pleasures born, Me shall no blood-stained wreaths adorn. No wish the future to unrol, Impels me to the mystic bowl, And sure the laurel ne'er shall spread Its foliage round my humble head: For how should I presume to claim A Poet's meed, a Poet's fame! Say wherefore then, dear, sacred tree, Art thou so much beloved by me; Why shield I thee with tenderest care, Who never must thy glories share?

Oh! tis because the friend I love First bade thee flourish in my grove; Oh 'tis because thy parent grew, (1) Where first her vital breath she drew; Hence, more affection dost thou claim Than wreaths of Conquest or of Fame. My friend!....because thy name they bear. To me a sainted form they wear; What though the sea between us flows, Still in my heart thy image glows; Still mem'ry by her magic power. Renews each dearly cherished hour, When on thy lips instruction hung, And reason sat upon thy tongue. With pensive pleasure still I dwell, On scenes so sweet, and loved so well; Still on the wings of Hope I soar To heaven! where friends shall part no more!

⁽¹⁾ The tree from whence the slips were taken,

ON THE SUPERIORITY

OF RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY.

O STERN Philosophy! how vain art thou,

To lull the mad'ning tortures of the brain;
Or bid us suffer with unruffled brow

The pang of sorrow, or the start of pain.
The sport of accident, or slave of fate,

Thy frigid laws forbid us ev'n to weep;
But wrapp'd in cold indiff'rence to await

The sad oblivion of eternal sleep.
Unfeeling men! amidst this world of wo,

By sickness wasted, or by grief oppressed,
Unskilled yourselves to smooth the paths below,

Tear not Religion from the aching breast!

To calm affliction's burst, or passion's rage;
To chear the gloom that marks life's closing hour,
The pensive twilight of declining age.

When hopeless grief corrodes the wounded heart,
When sick and weary from the world we steal,
Her voice alone can in soft sounds impart
The truths that succour, and the words that heal.

Mid all the sufferings that assail mankind,
Sweet from her lips the streams of life descend,
The humble heart, secure through her to find
A God, a Father, Comforter and Friend.

TO A FRIEND,

WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

OFT as thine eye shall fondly trace

Each simple wreath I twined for thee,

Whate'er the time, whate'er the place,

Oh! think of me.

When pleasure sparkles in that eye,

When every scene is fair to see,

When swift the happy moments fly,

Oh! think of me.

Thy life, thy bliss may heaven defend,
But shouldst thou by its stern decree,
E'er want a fond, a faithful friend,

Oh! think of me!

TO A FRIEND,

CONFINED BY SICKNESS.

NOT when the sun's meridian blaze
His sparkling lustre wide displays,
He most the bosom charms;
No, 'tis at evening's pensive hour,
When faintly through the vernal shower,
His parting radiance warms.
Not when the brilliant, full-blown rose,
In bright resplendent crimson glows
Its beauties fairest seem;
Ah no! 'tis on the virgin thorn,
When glist'ning in the blush of morn,
The buds with dew-drops stream.

Thus, not when Health's enlivening power Exhilarates thy social hour,

Most potent is thy sway;

No, rather when the closing eye,

The pallid face, the stifled sigh,

Thy secret pangs betray.

Thus, not when sentiment refined Unlocks the treasures of thy mind,

By native worth improved,
When pleasure mantles in thy cheek,
And from thy lips the graces speak,

Art thou the most beloved.

When sadness o'er thy brow is spread, When drooping falls thy languid head,

And tears unbidden start,

Thou, more than evening's dewy close,

Or fragrance of the weeping rose,

Canst interest the heart.

When sickness bends thy nerveless frame,
Nor even Friendship's tend'rest claim
Thy suff'rings can relieve,
The heart that makes thy pain its own,
Would not forego, to share a throne,
The sacred right to grieve.

UNDER A DRAWING OF SAPPHO.

HANGING HER LYRE UPON A WILLOW, AND PREPARING TO

LEAP FROM THE PROMONTORY OF LEUCATE.

BRING me the Harp with roses bound,
I'll wake again its magic sound;
The Harp enwreathed with roses bring,
Again I'll strike its trembling string.
O Sappho! Poetess divine,
Were thy immortal genius mine,
Could I like thee with matchless art,
Paint each soft movement of the heart....
Then, sweet enthusiast! I'd relate
The woes that marked thy hapless fate,

UNDER A DRAWING OF SAPPHO. 155

Thy name in ev'ry chord should swell,
Who felt so much, who loved so well.
Lo, Sappho! at the mournful tale
The rose that crowns my harp grows pale,
In sad accordance to my sighs,
It droops....it languishes....and dies:
Yet shall it once again resume
Its dewy lustre at thy tomb,
Thy sacred ashes shall restore
A crimson that will fade no more;
For sure the bright, ethereal flame
That once informed thy mortal frame,
Unhurt by Time's chill damp must burn,
Ev'n in the confines of thine una.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

WHERE Ganges rolls his sacred tide,
In all the pomp of Eastern pride,
The Bramins teach a doctrine strange,
That Nature's form alone can change;
New shapes alone can round us rise,
The vital essence never dies.
Thus, that the fibres which compose
The structure of the lovely rose,
Shall, when that rose has ceased to bloom,
A new appearance quick assume;
Glow in the ruby's splendid hue,
Or glitter in a drop of dew.

Thus, when the mortal body must Commingle with the silent dust, The soul begins a fresh career, Departs not to some distant sphere, But seeks a new asylum here. Meanwhile, whate'er its former state, However rich, however great, No mem'ry dwells upon the mind, Nor trace of aught remains behind.... Yes, one remembrance still survives The progress of ten thousand lives; 'Tis when the friend we meet at last. Beloved in distant ages past, Who caught perhaps our parting breath, And smoothed the mournful bed of death; Whose tears the lifeless corpse bedewed, Whose hand the scented chaplets strewed. In wonder lost, we strive in vain The secret impulse to explain, And vainly seek the cause to find, That binds us to our kindred mind.

Friendship! thou passion pure, sublime, Revered in every age and clime, What wonder that pretenders hold A dross, to counterfeit thy gold t What wonder that they falsely claim Thy sacred rights, thy hallowed name: But far be all those friends away, Who bask but in the genial ray, And those, who moved by every tale, Flit....like the leaf on autumn's gale v And those who seeking to conceal The light inconstancy they feel, Asperse the very heart they grieve, And doubly wound the friend they leave. Ah no! beneath my humble roof Let none approach, but friends of proof: Whom, like our native oak, the blast Of winter serves to root more fast, On whom, like rocks that crown the main, The storm may beat....but beats in vain.

But should deceit with malice blend,
To rob me of a once loved friend,
Still self-supported, self-approved,
Howe'er I weep that friend beloved,
Within my bosom shall I find
The cloudless sun-shine of the mind;
And conscious truth shall raise a glow.
Time cannot reach....nor wealth bestow.

STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

THE Spring with robes of brightest green,
Prepares to clothe each lovely scene;
But distant far away
The winding stream, the woodland dell,
The native heath-empurpled swell,
Where I was wont to stray:
And distant far the hawthorn bower,
Embellished by each blooming flower,
That grew my hand beneath;
And distant far the laurel shade,
Where once sweet Hope, with Fancy's aid,
Had twined a roseate wreath.

Oh then, for evermore....farewell The winding stream, the heath-clad swell, The dew-bespangled vale, The wild romantic glen below, Where oft at evening's parting glow, I caught the scented gale. Yet still creative Fancy's power, Shall paint the tree, the shrub, the flower, Each dearly cherished spot; Oh never! whilst this aching brain The lines of mem'ry can retain, These scenes shall be forgot! But if I feel these pangs severe, From scenes to fond remembrance dear Reluctantly to part, How shall I breathe a last adieu. To friends so loved, so kind, so true, So twined around my heart; To thee whose friendship, often tried, Has been my comfort and my pride,

Who, my deep sorrows to beguile,
Hast oft bestowed an angel's smile,
Amidst an angel's tears.

Farewell!....but o'er each future hour,
May heaven its brightest sunshine pour,
In one unclouded ray;

May Health and Happiness unite
With Virtue's pure, unsullied light,
To gild thy closing day.

Through dark and gloomy years:

The preceding lines were written when the death of the author's last surviving Parent had obliged her to leave the place of their residence.

SONGS.

THE FAIRY QUEEN. .

HARP of Erin, trembling wake Thy hallowed chords once more, Again thy magic wildness breathe Around her em'rald shore. Pour from each raptured string, Soft as the spring, Love's thrilling, witching, melting tone; Till ev'ry glade, And woodland shade. Resound with love alone. Tell then in loftier, louder strain, Of Erin's sons on martial plain, And in soft dying murmurs tell, How Erin's heroes fell!-Again the gallant theme pursue, Hold to yiew, How Erin's shamrocks crown the brave, Her tears bedew their grave.

Note....In adapting the words to the tune, the word "trembling" must

be repeated in the first line.

CAROLAN'S RECEIPT.

WHERE yon green hazles trembling wave,

And winter's angry tempests brave,

Beneath a sod,

In shamrocks clad,

There wilt thou find a Bard's lone grave;

And let thy tears the spot bedew,

In tribute to his worth so true,

For native genius filled his breast,

Though long by anxious cares opprest;

Till worn away,

To grief a prey,

His bleeding heart has sunk to rest.

Long he the pangs of love had known, Nor dared the fatal truth to own,

Till sense declined,

And o'er his mind,

The darkest shades of night were thrown.

Now sleeps he in the lonely glen,

Remote from all the haunts of men;

Around shall fairies lightly tread,

Nor wake the slumbers of the dead,

And roses wild,

O'er nature's child,

Their rich perfume shall sweetly shed.

CEANN DUBH DILIS.

MY Eva! see this op'ning rose,
What nameless charms it can impart;
Like thee it blooms....like thee it glows....

Like thee I wear it next my heart:

But o'er the bosom it enwreaths,

It sheds a tear, a sigh it breathes,

Oh balmy sigh! oh tear of dew,

No longer be the emblem true;

For by the hopes I hold most dear,

I would not see my Eva's tear,

I would not hear my Eva's sigh,

For all that worlds on worlds could buy.

JOYCE'S TUNE.

STILL is the dreary heath,

The battle's rage is o'er,

The foe has fled the shore,

But long shall I deplore

My Comal,

Victorious

And glorious;

My son comes no more,

He sleeps in death!

Ye heroes tell

How oft his spear he threw,

What hosts of foes he slew,

Ere wounded he fell.

These aged eyes no tears can shed,

For Connal dead.

Alas !....'tis past....

Unconscious to my sighs,

Midst heaps of slain he lies,
Nor at the whistling blast,

Awaking,

Whilst aching,

And breaking,

My heart in dismay,

Sad dies away.

Child of maternal love!

Whom oft this tongue has blessed, And oft these arms have pressed In transport to my breast,

My Connal!

Thy body.

All bloody,

Lies wrapped in the vest,

Thy mother wove.

Hard is my doom,

In life's declining day,

With age and sorrow grey,

To wail o'er his tomb,

Whose hand I hoped in death's repose,

'These eyes should close,

But Oh! 'tis past, &c.

'Tis solemn silence all,

That more than language speaks,

No sound the stillness breaks,

Save when the Banshee shrieks

For Connal,

Whilst glorious,

Victorious,

His fathers he seeks,

In Trenmor's hall.

Strew o'er the bier,

Where rests the gallant chief,

His native shamrock leaf,

The pride of the year.

Ye warriors let your songs of fame,

Resound his name,

For Oh! 'tis past! &c.

MARY, DO YOU FANCY ME?

THE hawthorn trees all were in blossom, And green was the field and the grove, When Mary I pressed to my bosom, And first spoke in accents of love. Hard by where the eglantine closes, While thrushes sung sweet from the spray, I brought her a garland of roses, And chose her the Queen of the May. Oh Mary, though years have rolled over, And others thy wrinkles can see, No change in thy face I discover, For still thou art lovely to me. That face with benevolence beaming, The absence of beauty supplies, And the tear of humanity streaming, Fresh lustre imparts to thine even

With health and with pleasure when glowing,
Our grand-children play round the door,
My heart with delight overflowing,
Looks back on the days that are o'er.
Those days which now swiftly are waning,
Have left no regret in my breast,
Nor a wish, oh my Mary! remaining,
But to sink on thy bosom to rest.

ELLEN A ROON.

NOW in the west afar,

Ellen a Roon,

Mild shines the evening star,

Ellen a Roon.

Oh! 'twas when life was new,

Oft have the beams it threw,

Lit me to love and you,

Ellen a Roon.

Then 'twas the glens among,

Ellen a Roon,

Blessed on each smile I hung, Ellen a Roon.

Light fell the twilight dew,
Moments enraptured flew,
Hallowed by love and you,
Ellen a Roon.

Long has this silvered hair,

Ellen a Roon,

Sighed in the wintry air,

Ellen a Roon:

But when yon star I view,

Still beats my heart so true,

Still thinks of love and you,

Ellen a Roon.

I AM ASLEEP AND DON'T WAKEN ME.

How sweet was the glen where the woodbine entwining,

Clasped with its tendrils the aged thorn,

How oft in its shade, on the green sod reclining,

Raptured I caught the first breeze of morn;

And when the dews of eve glistened on ev'ry tree,

Fairest of women, I breathed forth my vows to thee;

Blessed in thy smiles, and from dread of misfortune

free,

Scenes too enchanting—Slan leat go bragh! (1)

Oh what! though these eyes have long ceased to behold her,

Love's sweet illusions long ceased to charm,

Oh what! though these arms ne'er again shall infold

her,

Tender remembrance oft paints her form,

Parted for ever from her I have loved so well,

Still on her image fond mem'ry delights to dwell,

Still in my bosom, the sighs of affection swell,

As when I faultered—Slan leat go bragh!

⁽¹⁾ Farewell for ever.

IF THE CAT HAD GOLD.

HERE, on its humble bed, Begemmed with early dew, The violet hides its head From every view; Yet not so soft a charm, The glowing rose can bring, As does thy drooping form, Sweet child of Spring. My Eva! thou, I feel, This modest violet art, The worth thou wouldst conceal, Steals o'er the heart; And when thy cheek is wet, With Feeling's tears so true, Thou seem'st the violet sweet In balmy dew.

I WOULD RATHER THAN IRELAND.

OH Nora, the glass with the hawthorn is blooming,

The rose of the desart now fringes the stream,

The breath of the wood-bine all nature perfuming,

Its fragrance exhales to the sun's parting beam;

And sweet is the bloom of the gay op'ning blossom,

When glist'ning with dew-drops it bursts from each

tree,

But sweeter by far in yon wood's shady bosom,

The blush and the smile of my Norah to me.

Oh haste thee to come, 'tis the hour of a lover,

The bright star of evening now shines in the west;

Inspired by its softness thy blush will discover

If pity or tenderness glows in thy breast.

Yet sweet, though the scene is, which Spring richly blesses.

Thy presence alone makes it levely to me,

And soon would I fly all the charms it possesses,

For yonder lone mountain, dear Norah with thee!

PEGGY BAN.

THE warriors of France had the victory won,
The battle was o'er....and the feast was begun,
Fair goblets of gold with rich wine overflowed,
And each bosom with pleasure and revelry glowed.

- "But, Minstrel, who art thou, with aspect so meek,
- "And whom in this hall dost thou anxiously seek?"
- " From Erin I come, o'er the dark swelling wave,
- " And the hero I seek for, is Maoin the brave; (1)
- "And lo where he sits, with his helmet unbound,
- "I know him amidst all these heroes around,
- " By the bright beaming eye, by the sweet open smile,
- "That belong to the sons of the emerald isle."
- " Oh tell me of Erin, her woods and her streams,
- "Still dear to my heart, still restored to my dreams;
- " Oh tell of her glens, of her wave-beaten shore,
- "Where alas! I am fated to wander no more."

- " I come not to tell thee of woodlands and groves,
- " I come from a lady who tenderly loves;
- " Of thy valour and learning her heart is the prize,
- "And these jewels she sends, are less bright than her eyes;
- " Oft too does fair Moriath with music and verse,
- " Midst Erin's green vallies thy praises rehearse,
- "Oh list, and the lay shall soft rapture impart,
- " For the wild strains of Erin still reach to the heart."

The Harper played sweet, and inspired by the strain,

The hero resolved his lost rights to regain;

With the warriors of France, o'er the billows he flew,

And the green hills of Erin soon rose to their view.

Then on to Emania with speed they advance, (2)

The tyrant soon yields to the valour of France,

O'er the land of his fathers does Maoin now reign,

And Moriath his bride, of fair Erin is queen.

NOTE (1)

Keating's History, page 88.—Labra Lonigseach, otherwise Maoin, was conveyed to France, when an infant, by his friends, to avoid the tyranny of Cobhthaigh, who had merdered his father and grandfather, and

up, he obtained the command of the French army, and acquired such reputation for valour and learning, that Moriath, daughter of Scariath, king of Munster, fell desperately in love with him, and sent a celebrated musician, named Craftine, to him with a letter and present of jewels; these he faithfully delivered, and playing an Irish air on his harp, sung a poem to it, composed by the lady, in the General's praise. This adventure determined Maoin to prosecute his right to the Irish Monarchy. This, by the assistance of France, he speedily accomplished, and afterwards married the lady who had first inspired him with this resolution.

NOTE.(2)

Eamhain, or Emania, the name of the king's palace in Ulster;

NANCY OF THE BRANCHING TRESSES,

THE star of evening slowly rose, Through shades of twilight gleaming, It shone to witness Erin's woes, Her children's life-blood streaming; 'Twas then, sweet star, thy pensive ray Fell on the cold, unconscious clay, That wraps the breast of Bessy Gray, In softened lustre beaming. Poor maiden, she, with hope elate, With fond affection swelling, To learn a lover's, brother's fate, Forsook her peaceful dwelling; With them to share her simple store, On all their griefs a balm to pour, The field of death she dared explore, Each selfish thought repelling.

The battle lost, the vanquished fled,

The victors swift pursuing,

And trampling o'er the mighty dead,

With blood their steps bedewing;

They come to where with fervent zeal,

These friends their Bessy would conceal;

Mark! how they point the gleaming steel,

Their destined victim viewing.

"Oh spare that life!" her brother cries,

With indignation glowing,

Tears tremble, in the lover's eyes,

His arms around her throwing;

But lover's, brother's sighs are vain,

Even in their sight the maid is slain,

And now on Erin's ruined plain,

Their mingled blood is flowing.

LIMERICK'S LAMENTATION.

BEHOLD where the heroes of Erin repose, Who fell overpowered by their conquering foes! How fresh is the verdure that springs where they fie. How sweet the wild roses that blossom and die? The dew as it drops from the soft blushing wreath: Seems to weep o'er the ashes that moulder beneath. And evening's last breeze as the branches light wave, Breathes a murmuring sigh o'er the tombs of the brave. When the coward and slave shall alike be forgot, The sorrows of Erin shall hallow this spot, Her own native shamrocks shall twine it around, Her own native harp shall their praises resound. For see the last sun-beam now fades from the west, No longer the clouds in gay colours are drest, Yet its smile still illumines the far distant wave. So glory shall beam on the tombs of the braves

GO DE SIN, DON TE SIN, NACH MBAINEAN SIN DHO. Ø

THE rose-bud its fragrance at evening may breathe,
Or sparkle with dew-drops the moonlight beneath,
Its fragrance; its beauty, its sweets I resign,
And Erin's green shamrock alone shall be mine.
The laurel its branches triumphant may wave,
And shade with its foliage the tomb of the brave;
No blood-crimsoned chaplet my brows shall entwine,
But Erin's green shamrock alone shall be mine.
Oh dearer by far is thy leaf to the heart,
Than all the rich bloom of the East could impart,
May Erin thy plants in her bosom enshrine,
And the sprig her affection has hallowed, be mine.

NOTE (1)

Pronounced....Go de shin, don te shin, nagh maynean shin yan.

THE MAID OF LODI,

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF A FRIEND.

I SING the maid of Lodi,
Sweet soother of my toil,

Peace dwells within her bosom,
And pleasure lights her smile.
Her eyes of mildest lustre,
A placid mind disclose,
Her cheeks in beauty rival
The blushes of the rose.
When o'er the fading landscape,
The shades of twilight steal,
When sea and sky are blended,
Beneath her dusky veil,

I meet the maid of Lodi,
On yonder vine-cloathed hill,
Or whisper tales of rapture,
Beside yon sparkling rill.
Around her humble dwelling,
No servile crowds appear,
She but receives the homage,
That springs from hearts sincere.
Then sing the maid of Lodi,
Whom native charms adorn,
Bright as the glowing radiance,
That gilds the dawn of morn.

MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

THOUGH nature around me is blooming, And dew-drops shine bright on each tree, My hours are in anguish consuming. While absent dear maiden from thee. The tempest of winter once over, Fresh verdure still smiles on the grove, But what shall give joy to a lover, Who dares not to whisper his love? Midst hazles together entwining, The streamlet still murmuring flows, Beneath their green branches reclining, I pulled the sweet buds of the rose. Ah! still all their sweetness bestowing, A balm to my sorrows they prove, They seem like thy blushes, soft glowing, The emblems of beauty and love.

List, list, where the thrush's fond measure
Resounds from the slope of the vale;
He warbles his love and his pleasure,
In songs to the evening gale.
Whilst he from the sweet-scented blossom,
With music his charmer can move,
Alas! I must hide in my bosom,
How true and how faithful my love.

EVA DELISH.

THE sun was set, the sea was calm, The evening breeze had died away, The falling dew was fraught with balm, And Nature hushed in slumber lay; 'Twas then I left the heath-clad hill. And hasted towards the spreading tree, To meet beside the winding rill, My Eva delish gramachree! That night of bliss too swiftly flew, While vows of endless love we swore. Ah! what availed our love so true. When doomed by fate to meet no more? A fever o'er her limbs had spread, Which tore her soon from love and me. And cold and lowly is the bed, Where rests my delish gramachree!

Though years are past, my heart o'erflows,

Nor yet has ceased with grief to swell,

Nor peace, nor ease my bosom knows,

Save on the mournful theme to dwell;

And oft when evening's dying gale

Light brushes o'er the silv'ry sea,

In anguish o'er her grave I wail,

My Eva delish gramachree!

THE MAID OF BROCAH,

A TRANSLATION FROM AN IRISH ORIGINAL, IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. BUNTING.

SWEET Virgin of Brocah! though humble thy dwelling,

Thy manners how gentle, thy beauty how fair,
Thy form light and graceful, each damsel excelling,
What daughter of Erin with thee shall compare?
Oh vainly to rival thy blushes pretending,
The apple her blossoms in clusters may bring;
Those blushes in Nature's soft harmony blending,
The radiance of Summer, the softness of Spring.
Sweet blackbird! thy mate with green branches surrounded,

His strains of wild melody pours through the grove; Sing on, lovely warbler, thy raptures unbounded, Inspired by affection, and blest with thy love; How diff'rent my fate, while unheeded I languish, For her who contemns all my sorrow and care,

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And pour from my soul each expression of anguish,
In sighs of regret, and in tears of despair?
Oh not to be lord of the green hills of Erin,
Oh not for the treasures her mountains bestow,
That e'er thy soft smiles I had ventured to share in,
E'er nurs'd in my bosom love's treacherous glow;
Yet warned by the fate of thy lovers neglected,
Why, why did I yield to my fondness for thee,
Why think that the heart that had thousands rejected
Should deign to bestow its affections on me!

The preceding songs are all original, except the last, and adapted to the air mentioned at the head of each. They were intended for Mr. Bunting's Ancient Melodies of Ireland: a work entitled to the warm support of the nation, as its compiler is to national gratitude, for having preserved music of the highest antiquity and value, till now dispersed over the different provinces, and on the point of being lost for ever.















